

G.I.
JOE

Bigger and Better... G.I. Joe's Pen Pals

10¢

G.I. Joe

**MARCH
NO. 29**

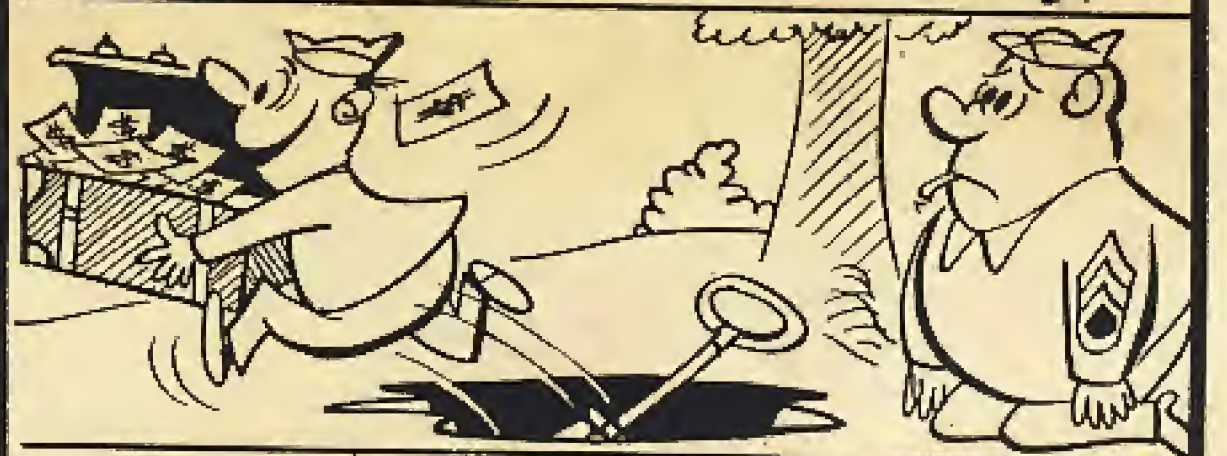
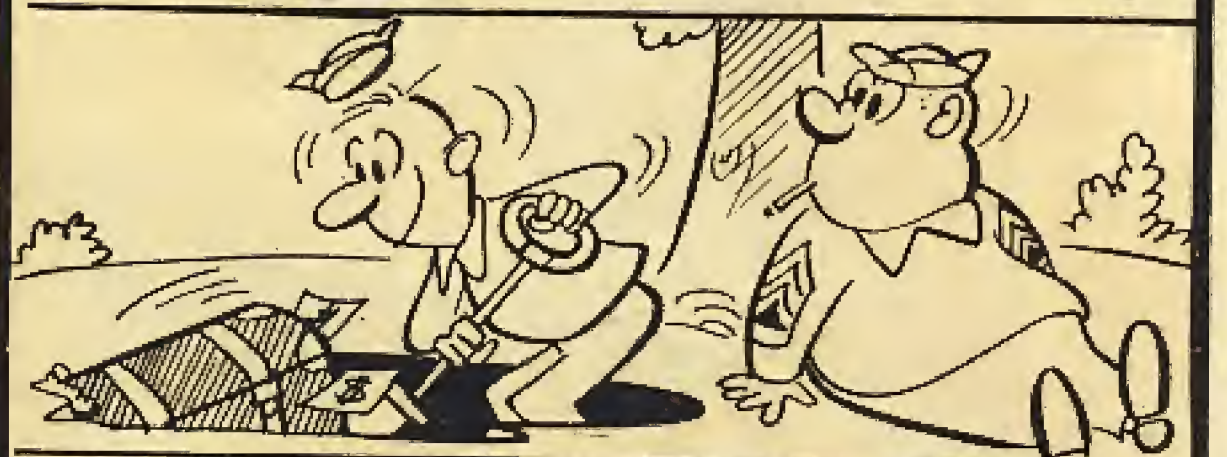
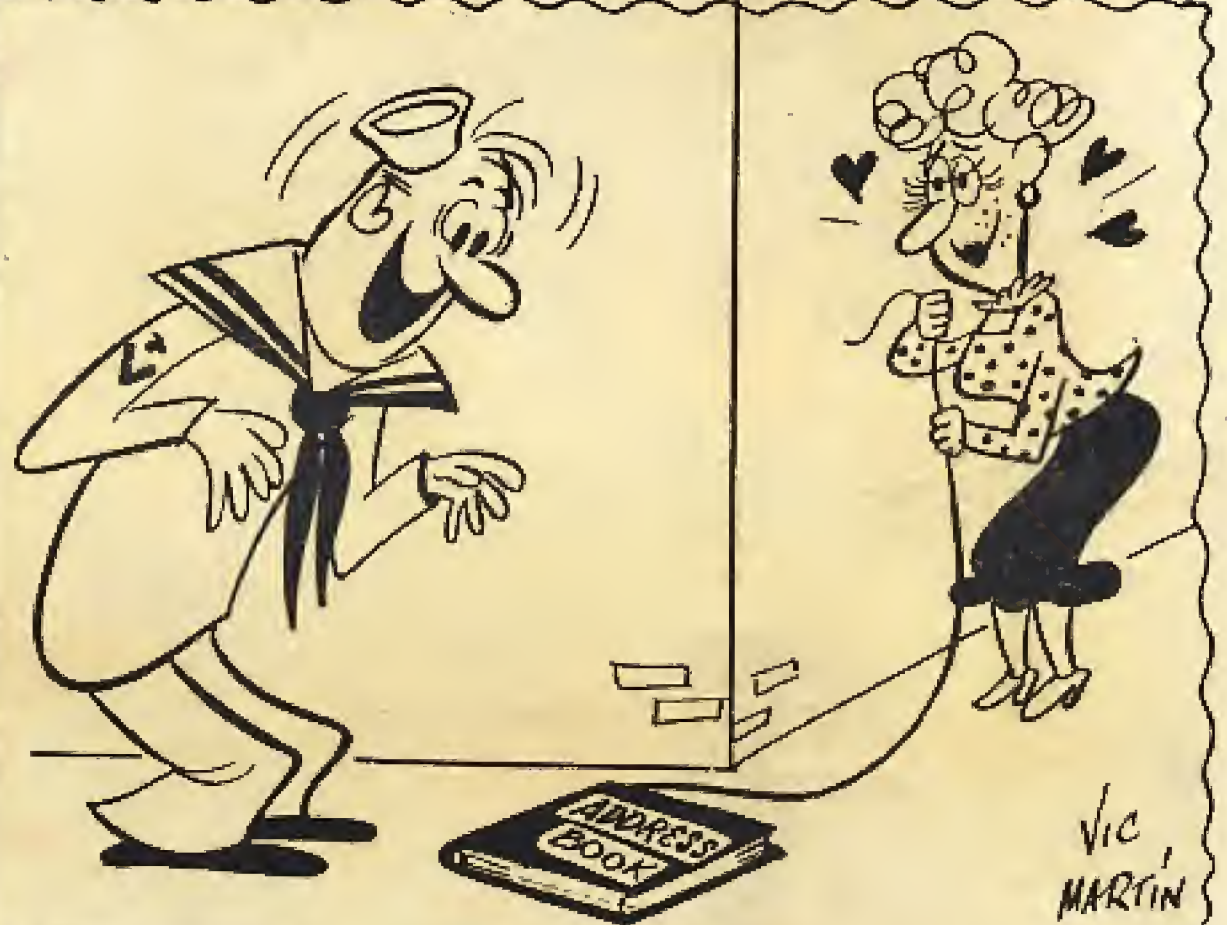
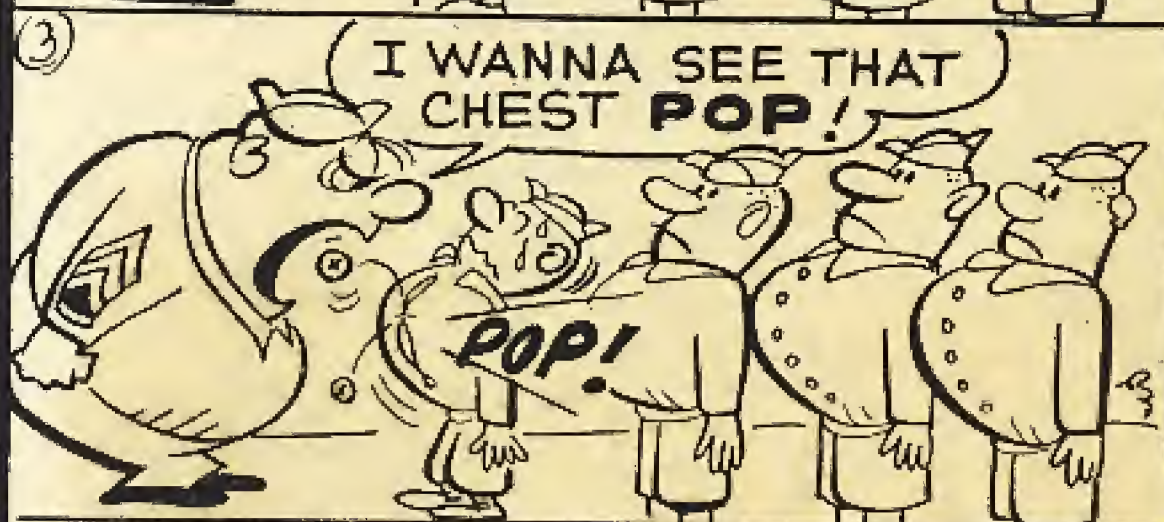


**The Feud at Company "B" ... The YARDBIRDS in a Laff Riot...
THE RELUCTANT WARRIOR ★ WHAT A PICNIC!**



WEB COMIC
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Service FUN



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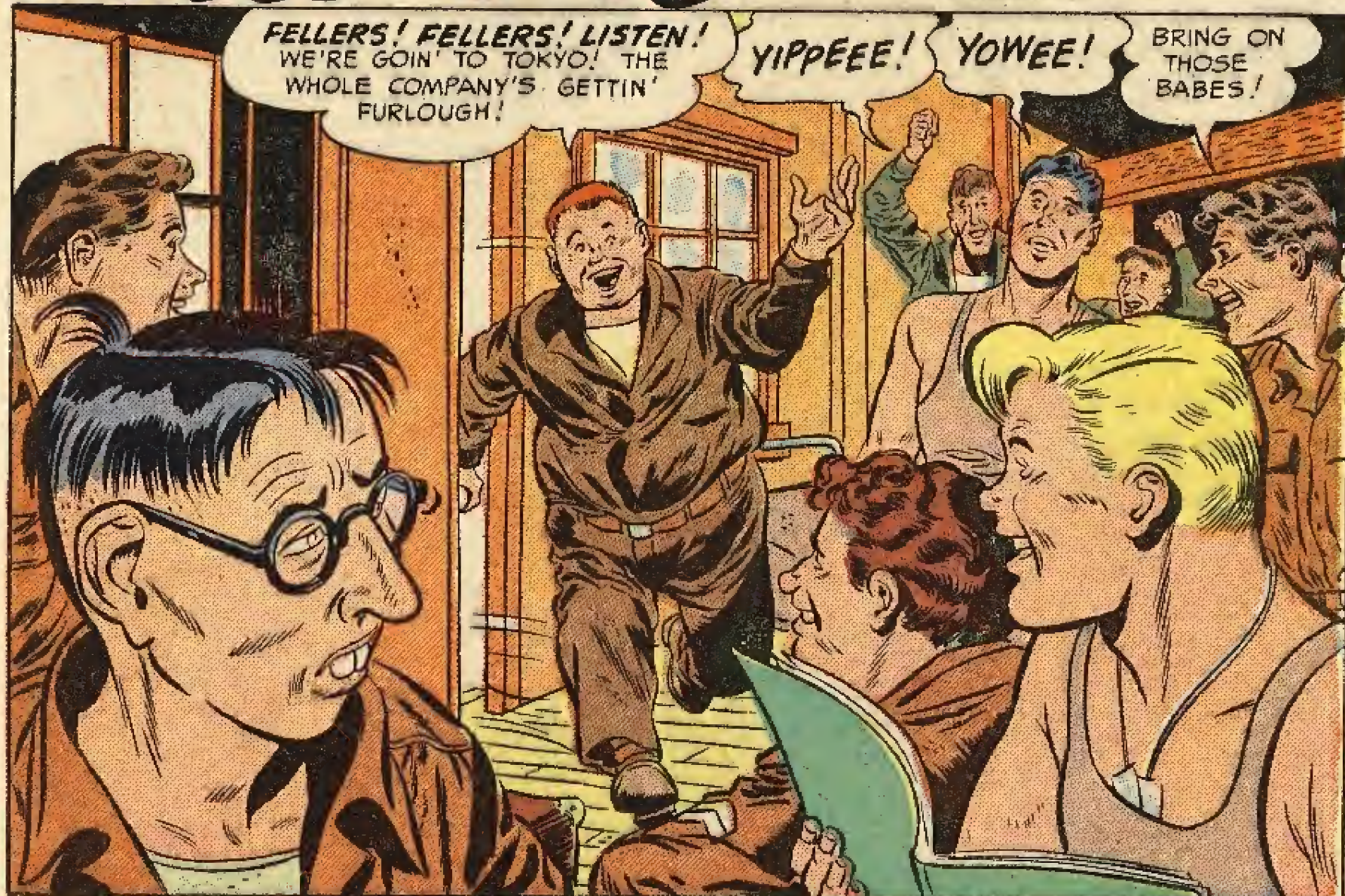
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G.I. Joe

in

UGLY OTIS

ALVIN OTIS WAS FAR FROM HANDSOME. TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, HE WAS FAR FROM INTELLIGENT. BUT THE BOYS IN "BAKER" COMPANY LIKED THE LITTLE GENT. THEREFORE, THE NAME THEY GAVE HIM WAS MORE A TERM OF ENDEARMENT THAN ONE OF DERISION. ALVIN OTIS SOON BECAME "UGLY" OTIS. THE SCENE IS KOREA... THE BARRACKS OF THE FIRST PLATOON...

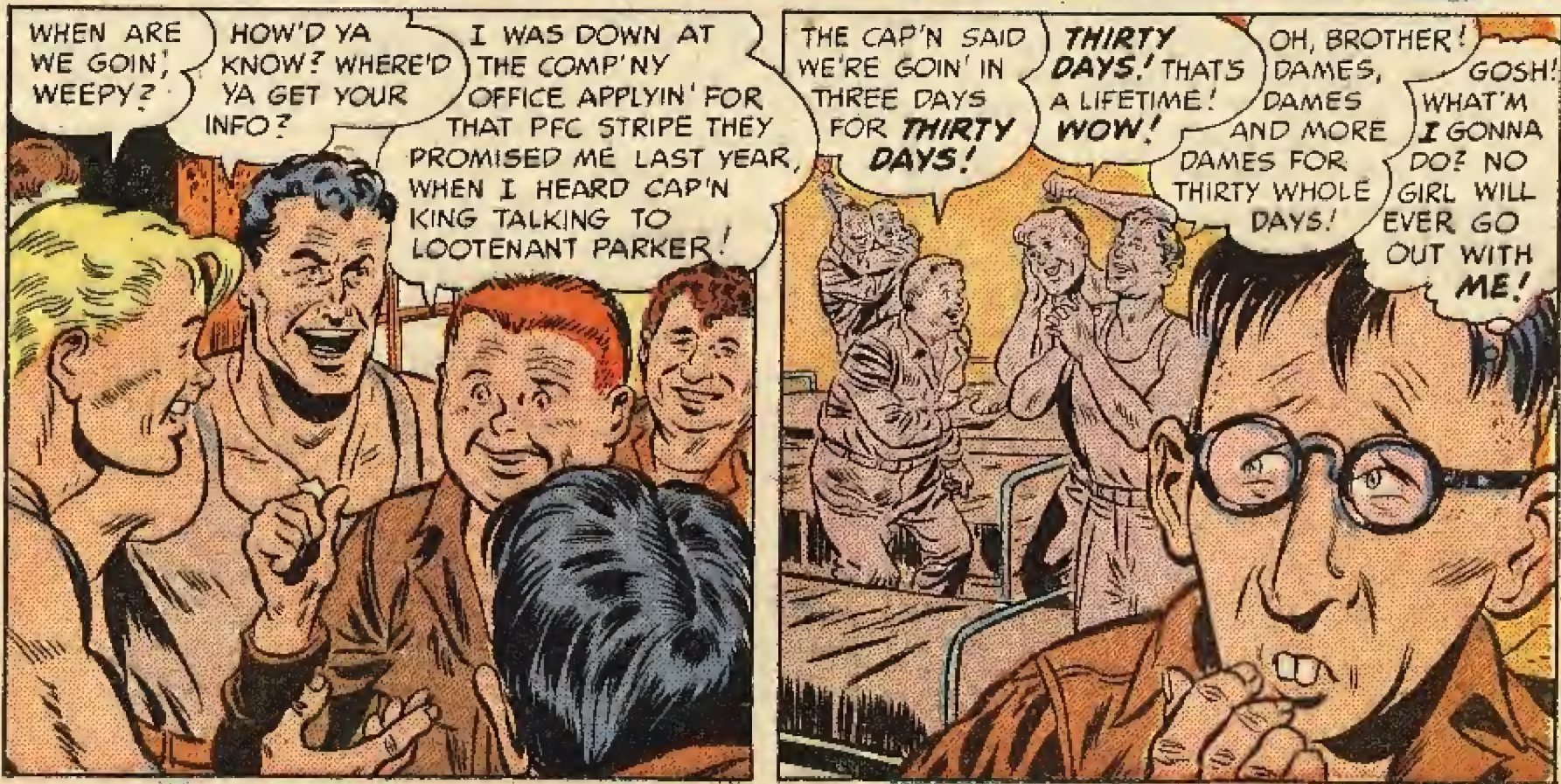


FELLERS! FELLERS! LISTEN!
WE'RE GOIN' TO TOKYO! THE
WHOLE COMPANY'S GETTIN'
FURLOUGH!

YIPPEEE!

YOWEE!

BRING ON
THOSE
BABES!



WHEN ARE
WE GOIN',
WEEPY?

HOW'D YA
KNOW? WHERE'D
YA GET YOUR
INFO?

I WAS DOWN AT
THE COMP'NY
OFFICE APPLYIN' FOR
THAT PFC STRIPE THEY
PROMISED ME LAST YEAR,
WHEN I HEARD CAP'N
KING TALKING TO
LOUTENANT PARKER!

THE CAP'N SAID
WE'RE GOIN' IN
THREE DAYS
FOR **THIRTY
DAYS!**

**THIRTY
DAYS!** THAT'S
A LIFETIME!
WOW!

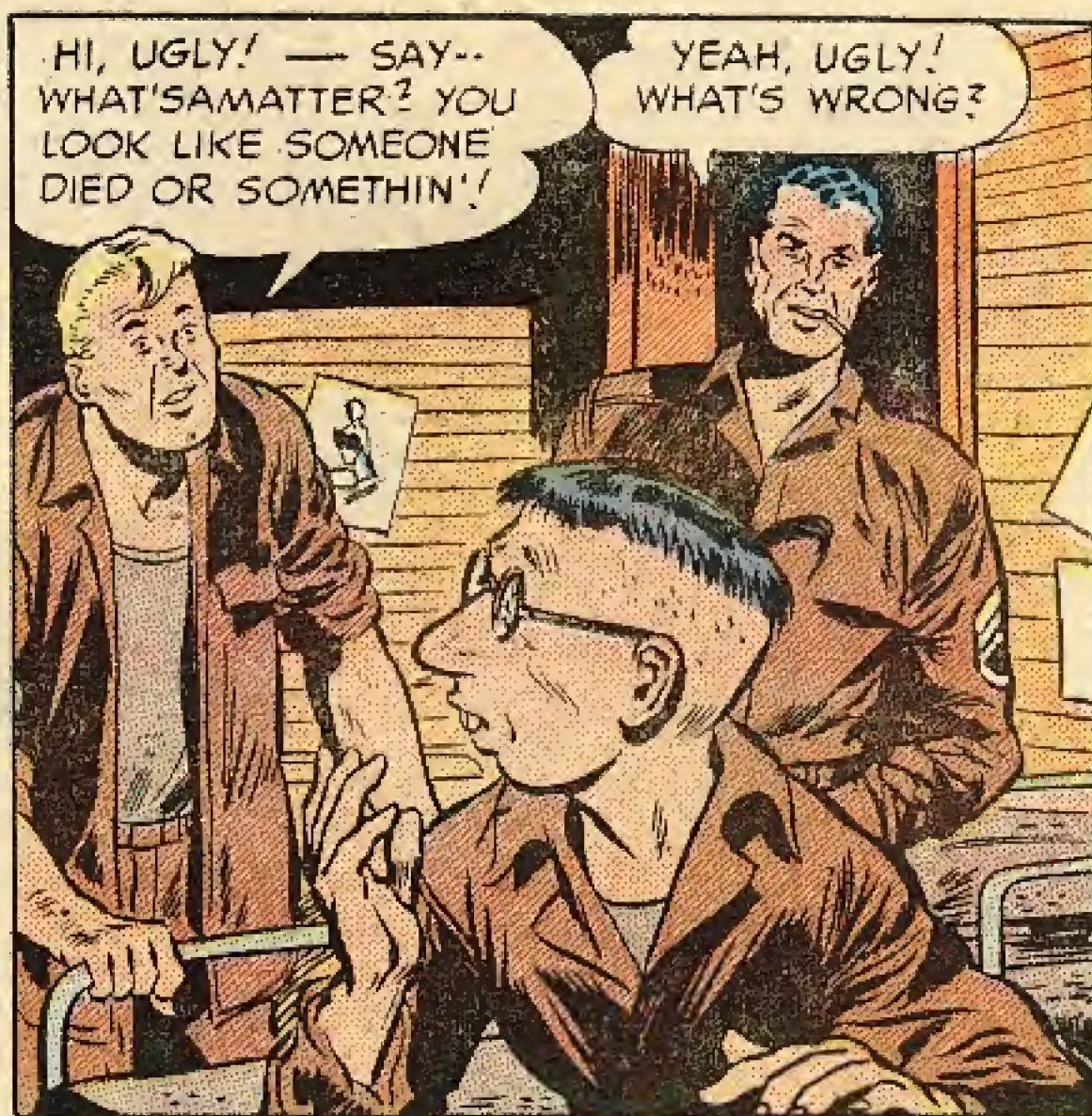
OH, BROTHER!
DAMES,
DAMES
AND MORE
DAMES FOR
THIRTY WHOLE
DAYS!

GOSH!
WHAT'M
I GONNA
DO? NO
GIRL WILL
EVER GO
OUT WITH
ME!



THINK OF IT, JOE -- THIRTY BEE-YOO-TIFUL DAYS IN TOKYO! MAN! AM I GONNA --

SAY, SARGE -- LOOK AT OTIS OVER THERE! HE DON'T SEEM TOO HAPPY ABOUT THIS! C'MON, LET'S SEE WHAT'S UP!



HI, UGLY! -- SAY -- WHAT'S A MATTER? YOU LOOK LIKE SOMEONE DIED OR SOMETHIN'!

YEAH, UGLY! WHAT'S WRONG?



WELL, GOSH, GUYS -- YOU'LL ALL GET YERSELVES DATES WITH BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN TOKYO -- BUT ME, I'LL NEVER GET A DATE WITH A GIRL ...



THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH YOU, UGLY! WE CALL YOU UGLY BECAUSE WE *LIKE* YA... BECAUSE WE THINK YOU'RE A SWELL GUY. NOT BECAUSE WE THINK YOU'RE UGLY!

YEAH, I KNOW! AN' I GOT NOTHIN' AGAINST YOU GUYS! IT AIN'T YOUR FAULT THAT I'M LIKE THIS!

LOOK, UGLY, THERE'S ONLY ONE GUY IN THE WORLD WHO CAN GET YOU A DATE, AN THAT'S READY-MONEY REILLY!



DID I HEAR SOMEONE CALL MY NAME? YOU GOT THE MONEY AN' I'M READY! I CAN PUT HAIR ON A CUE BALL AN' TAKE IT OFF A PEACH! THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' I *CAN'T* DO!



OKAY, BUSTER -- LET'S SEE YOU GET A DATE FOR UGLY OTIS!

A DATE FOR *UGLY OTIS*? YA GOT ME THERE, BOY! WHY, ATTEMPTIN' TO GET A DATE FER UGLY MIGHT JEOPARDIZE MY WHOLE CAREER! NOPE -- CAN'T DO IT, SARGE!

I TOLE YOU GUYS NO ONE CAN DO IT!



LISTEN, UGLY--I CAN'T GET YA A DATE, BUT TELL YA WHAT I'M GONNA DO! I CAN MAKE YA HANDSOME SO THAT YA CAN GET **YERSELF** SOME DATES!

YA **CAN**, READY-MONEY? YA **CAN**?



BOY, YOU'RE SURE LUCKY I REMEMBERED THIS HERE "HANDSOME-MAKIN'" RING I GOT! YA WEAR IT FOR THREE DAYS AN' THREE NIGHTS, SAY THE SECRET WORDS ON THE INSTRUCTION SHEET AN' YOU'LL MAKE EVERY LEADIN' MAN IN HOLLYWOOD AFRAID OF HIS JOB!



GOSH! A REAL, GENU-WINE "HANDSOME-MAKIN'" RING! HOW MUCH IS IT, READY-MONEY? HOW MUCH?

HOW MUCH YA GOT, UGLY?



I GOT THIRTEEN DOLLARS AND TWENTY-TWO CENTS, READY-MONEY!

BY A STARTLIN' COINCIDENCE THIS HERE "HANDSOME-MAKIN'" RING HAPPENS T' COST THIRTEEN DOLLARS AN' TWENNY-TWO CENTS! HERE, BOY--IT'S ALL YOURS!



NOW, HERE'S YER INSTRUCTION SHEET, BOY! READ THIS PAPER HERE FOR THREE DAYS AN' THREE NIGHTS, AN' THEN EVERYONE'S GONNA SAY: "LOOK HOW HANDSOME UGLY IS!"

BOY! I'LL BET I'M THE LUCKIEST GUY IN THE WHOLE WORLD! THANKS, READY-MONEY, THANKS A LOT!

AND SO, UGLY OTIS STUDIES HIS "INSTRUCTION" SHEET..

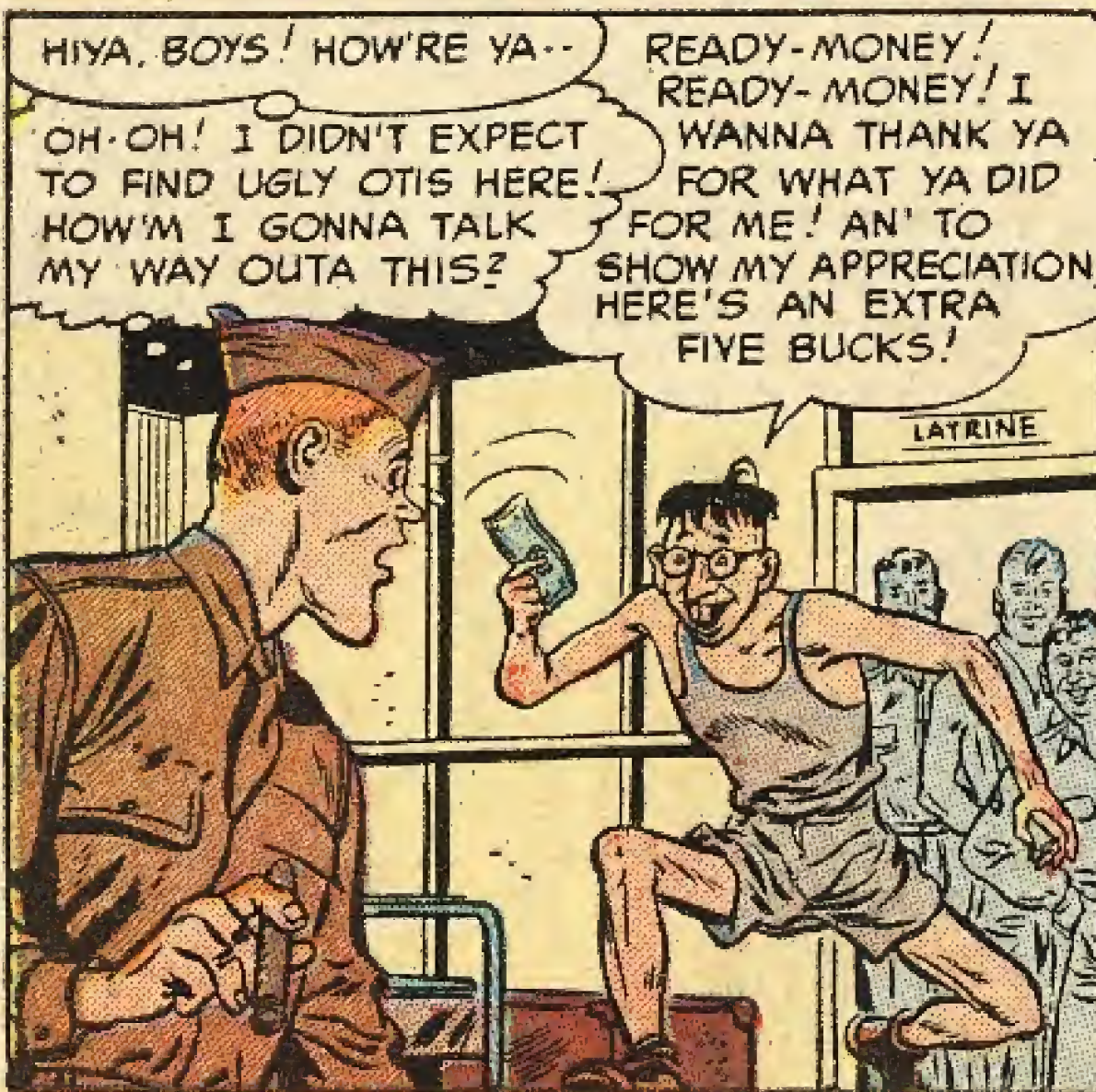
JUS' LOOK AT THE LITTLE JERK READIN' THE STOCK MARKET REPORT FOR THE PAST THREE DAYS THINKIN' IT'LL MAKE HIM HANDSOME! I HAVE A NOTION TO PUSH READY-MONEY'S FACE IN!

I HAVE A FEELIN' THAT THIS IS GONNA TURN OUT FOR THE BEST, SARGE! I JUST GOT A FEELIN'!



T'NIGHT'S THE LAST NIGHT! TOMORROW I SHOULD BE HANDSOME! BOY! AN' TOMORROW WE SHOVE OFF FOR JAPAN! I CAN'T WAIT!

THE NEXT MORNING, UGLY DASHES OUT OF BED AND RUNS TO A MIRROR...



SOON, THE TRUCK ARRIVES TO DRIVE THE MEN TO THE AIRFIELD FOR THEIR FLIGHT TO JAPAN AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN READY-MONEY'S LIFE, HE'S AT A LOSS FOR WORDS...



HOURS LATER, IN A TOKYO HOTEL ROOM...



BUT AN HOUR LATER...



I'M GLAD YA CALLED ME AWAY, JOE--I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU! LOOK--I'M GONNA TELL UGLY THAT IT WAS ALL A FAKE AN' THAT HE SHOULD GET HIS DOUGH BACK FROM REILLY!

YOU TELL HIM AN' I'LL BELT YOU INTO THE SEA OF JAPAN!



I GOTTA RUN OUT ON AN ERRAND, BOYS! I'LL BE BACK SOON! DON'T WORRY A THING, UGLY!



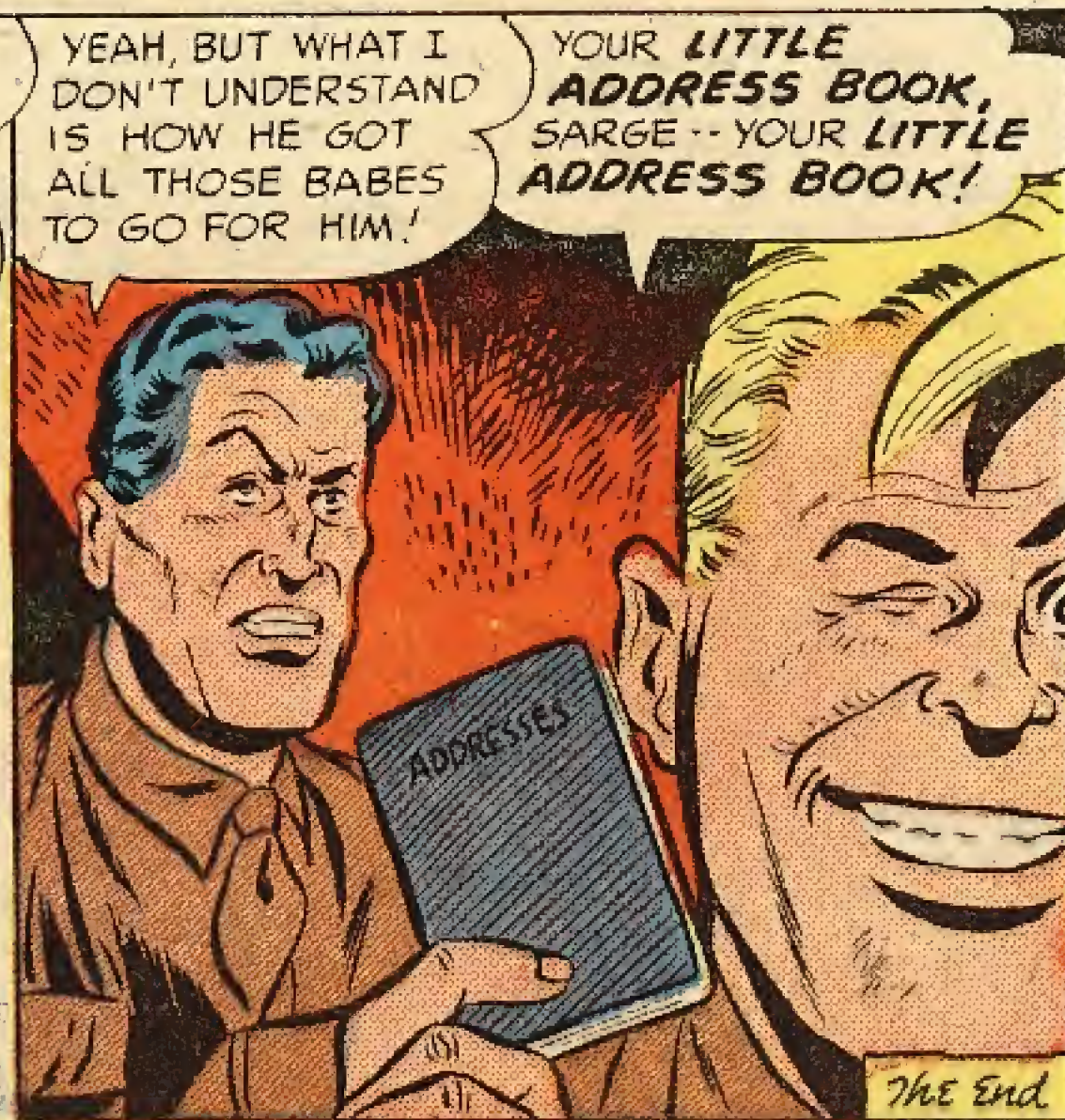
SOON, JOE RETURNS...



AND THAT NIGHT, AT THE DANCE...

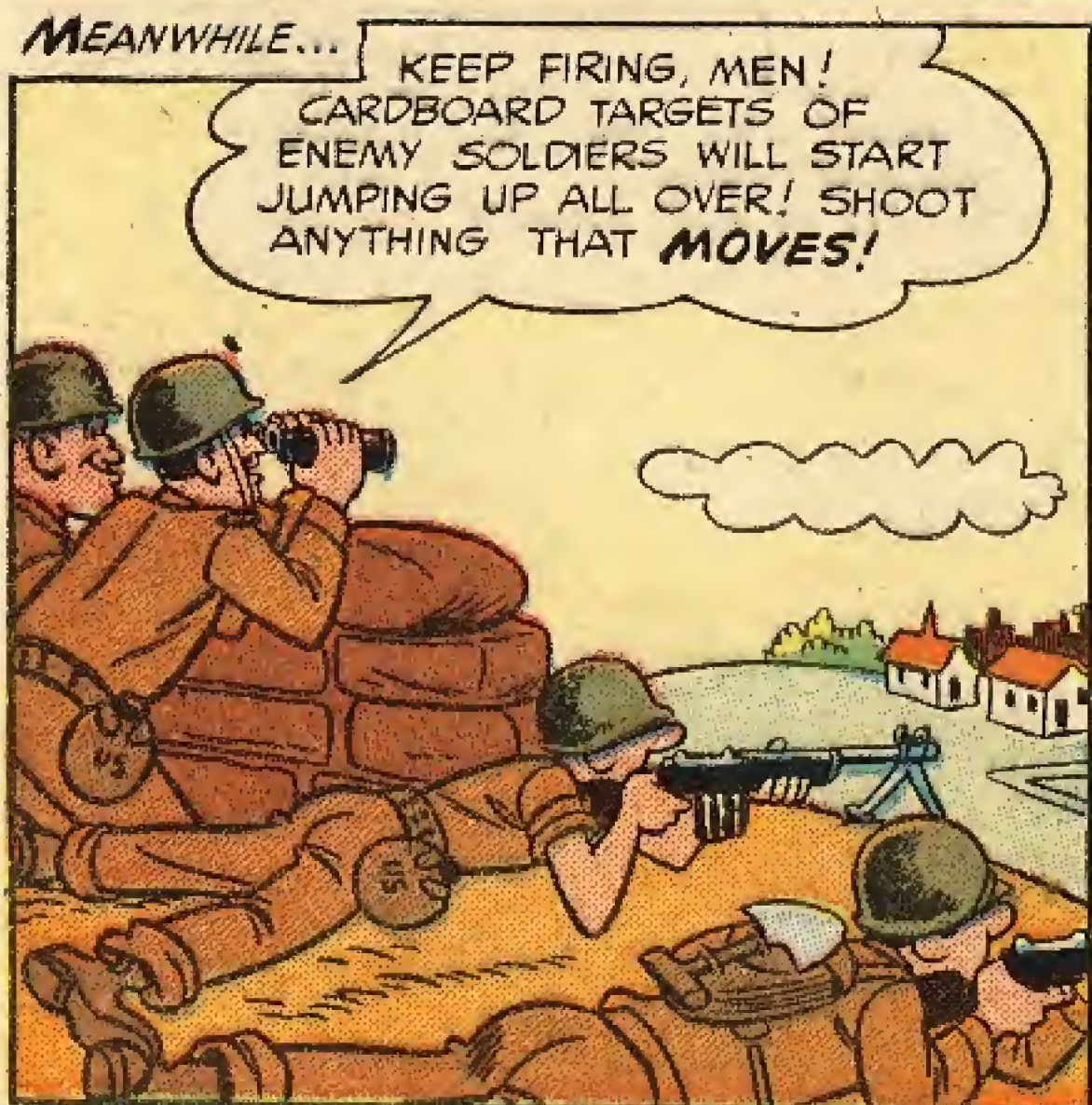
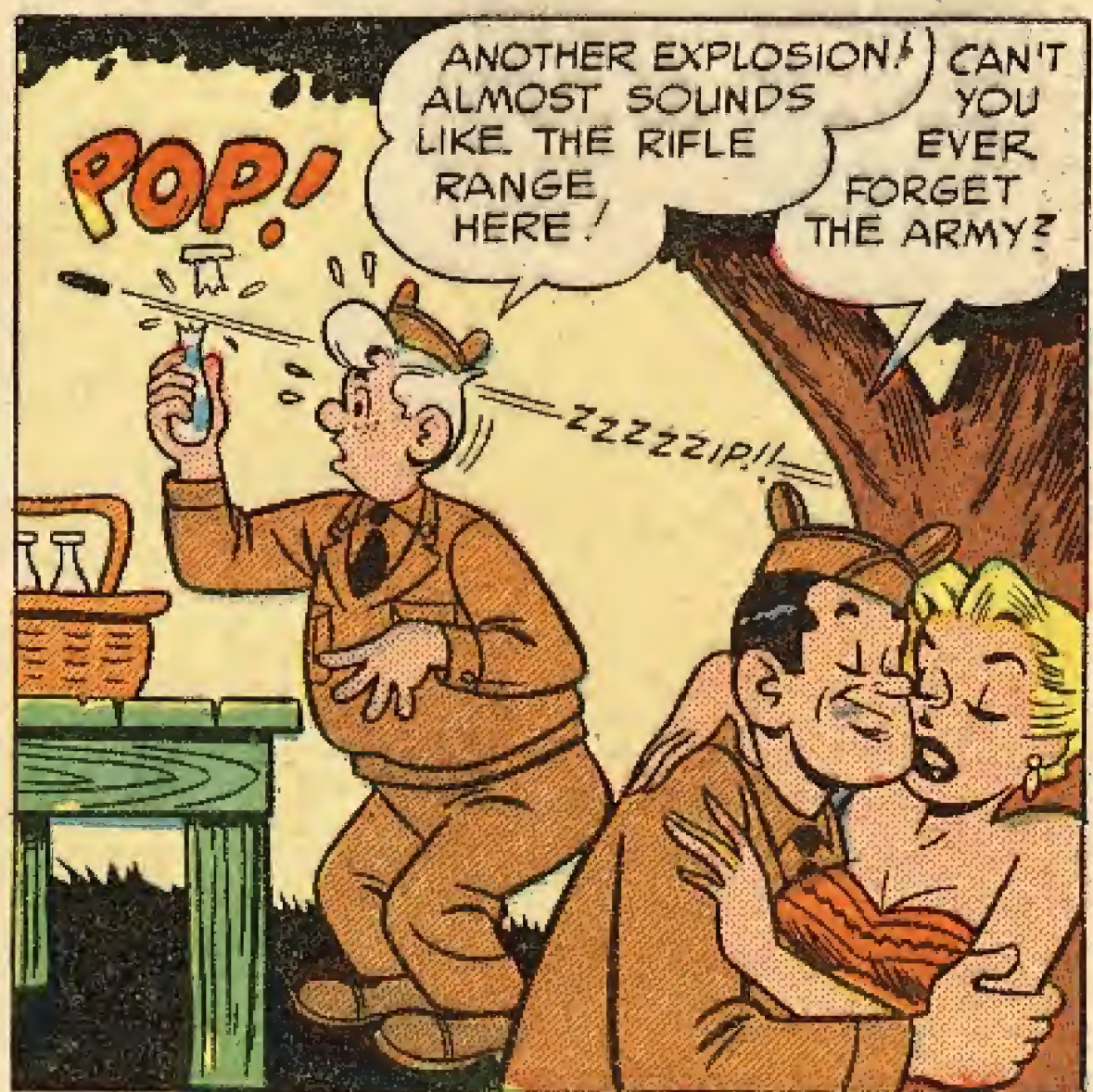
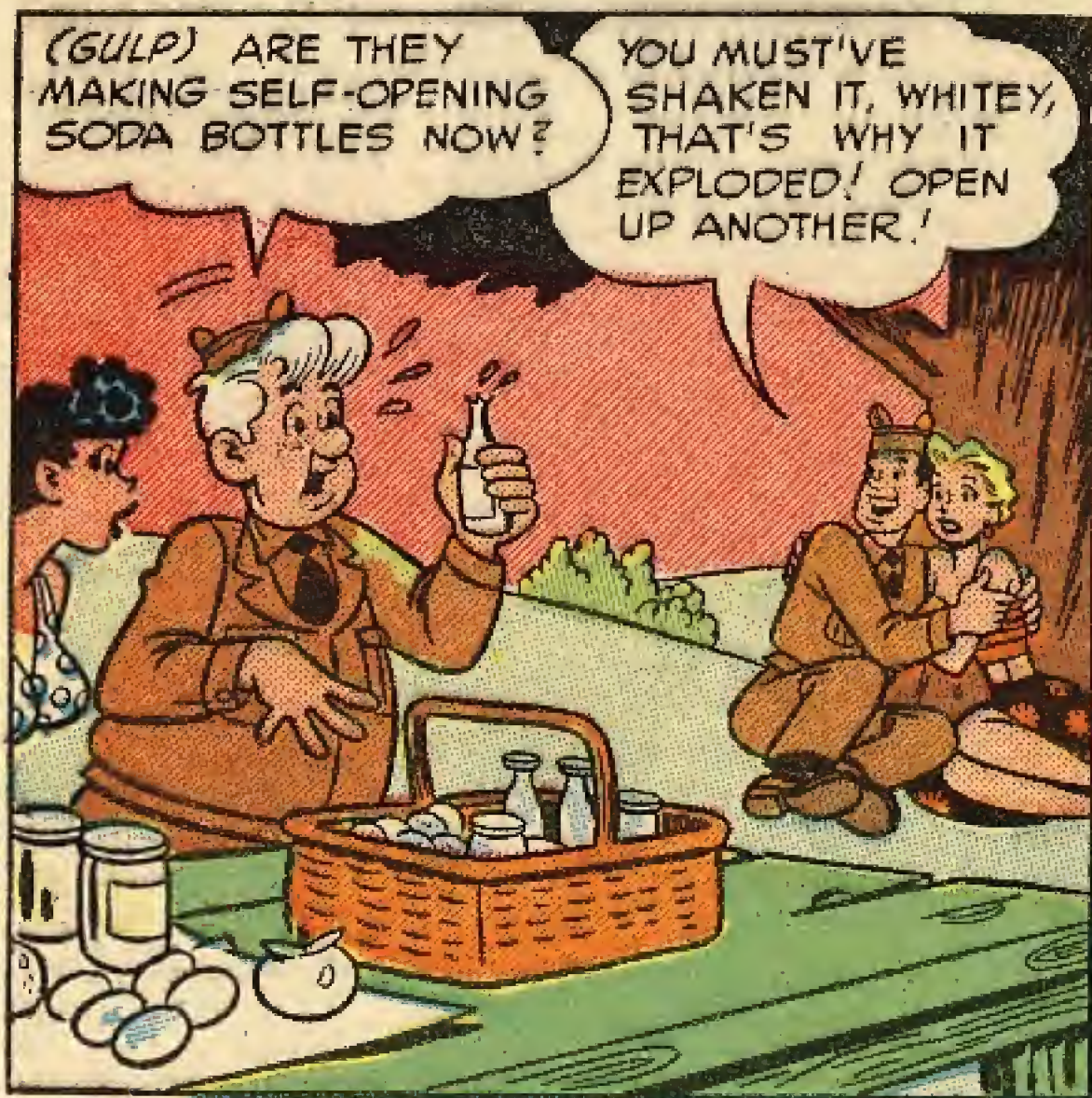
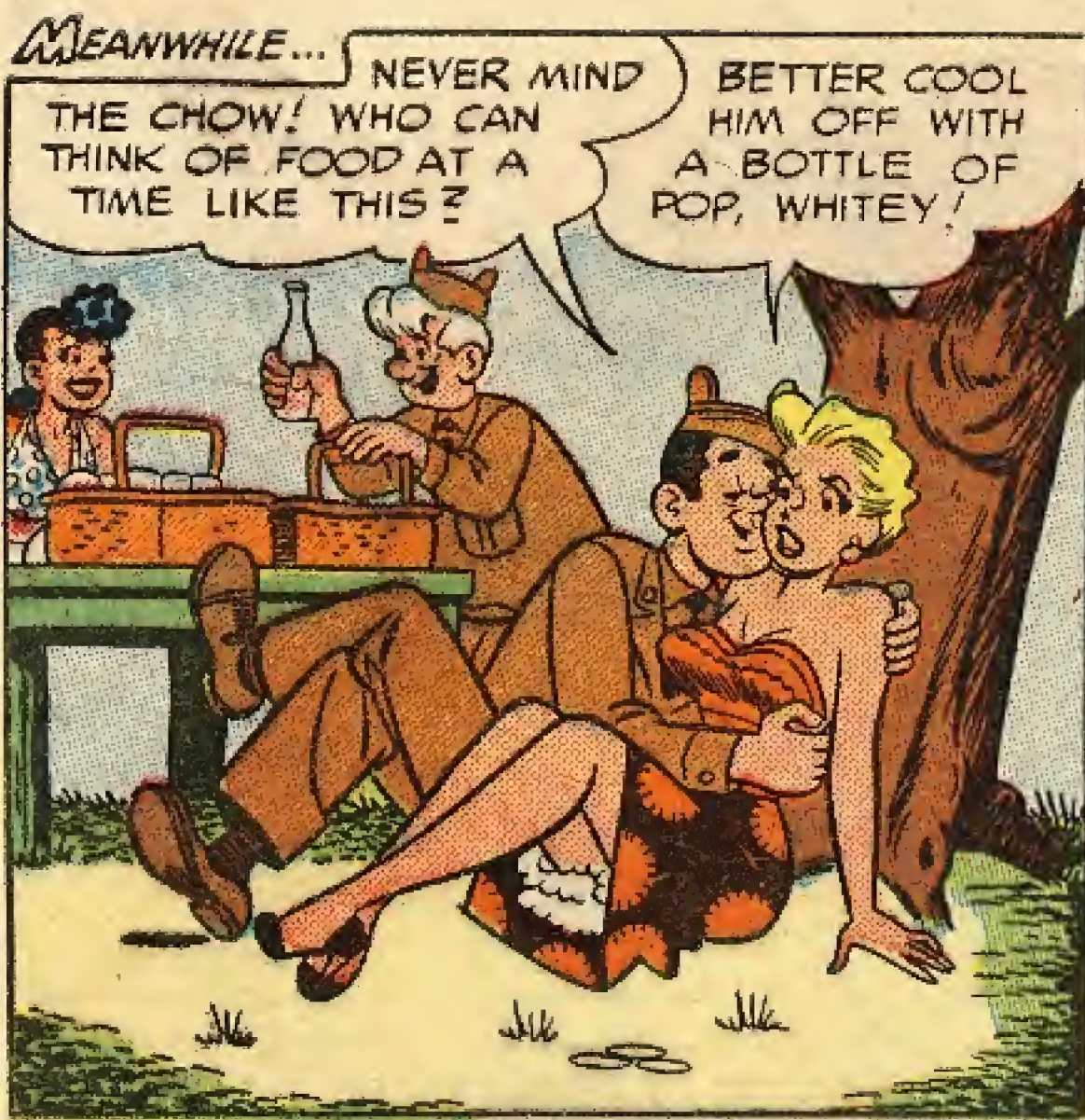


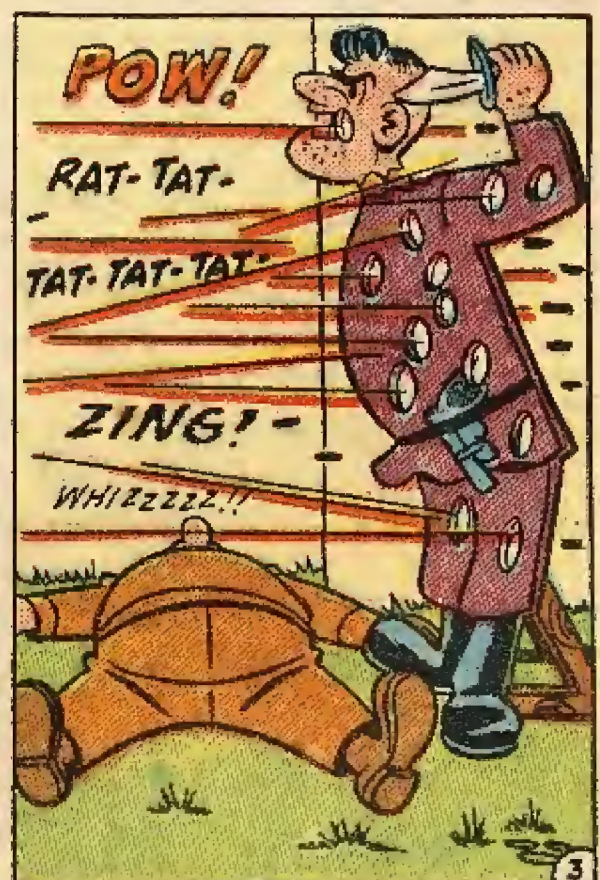
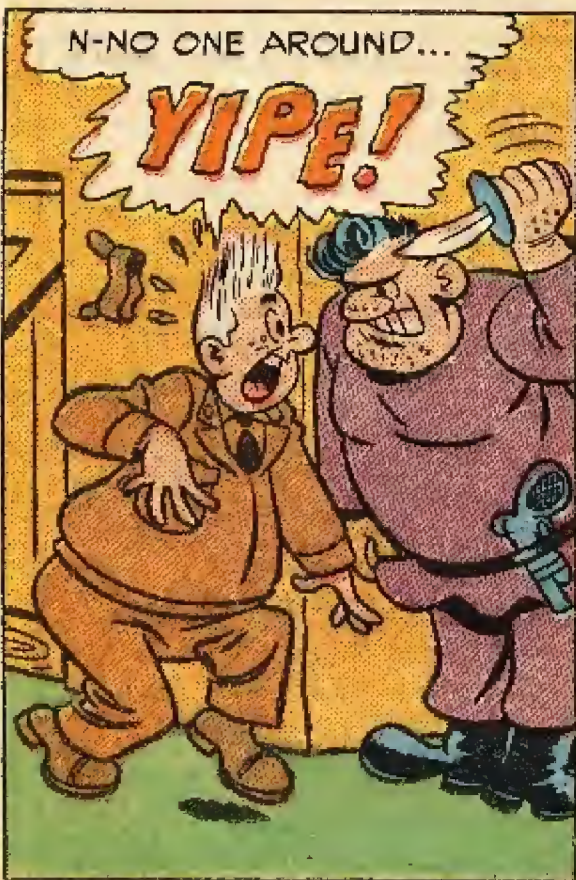
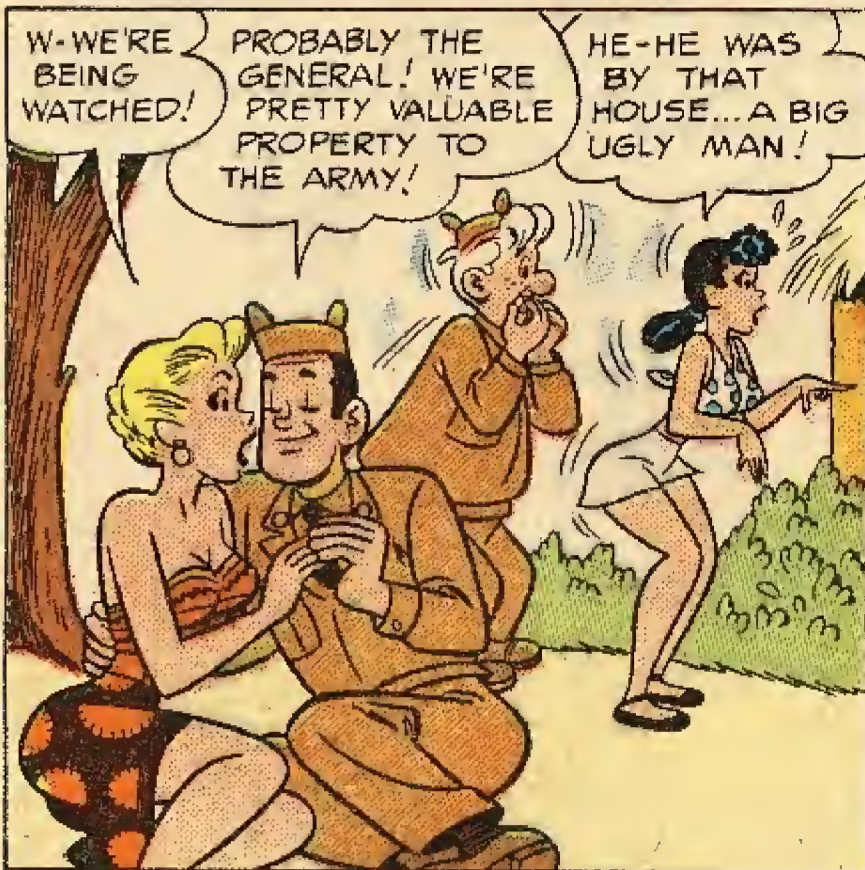
AND AS THE DANCE PROGRESSES...

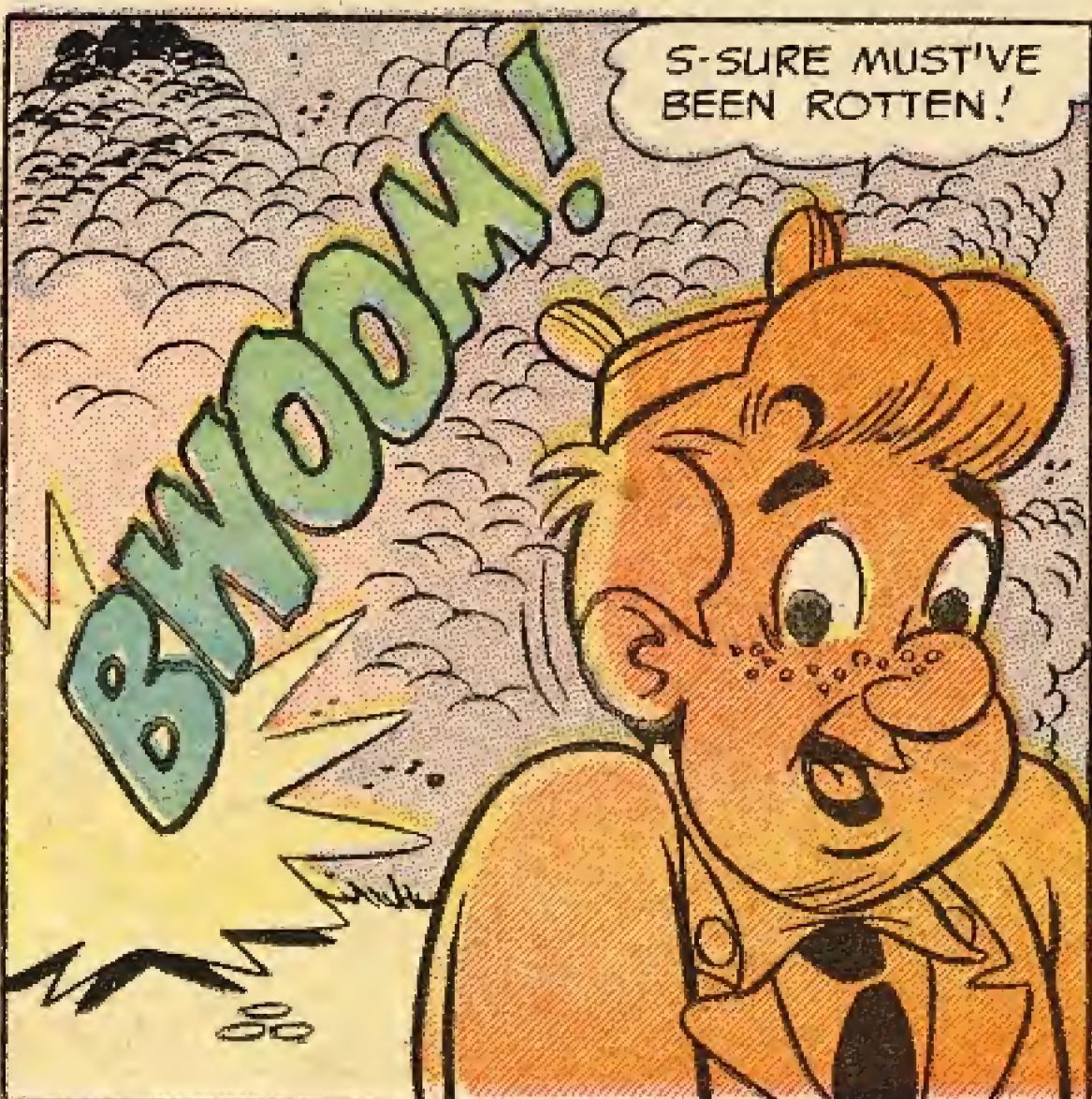
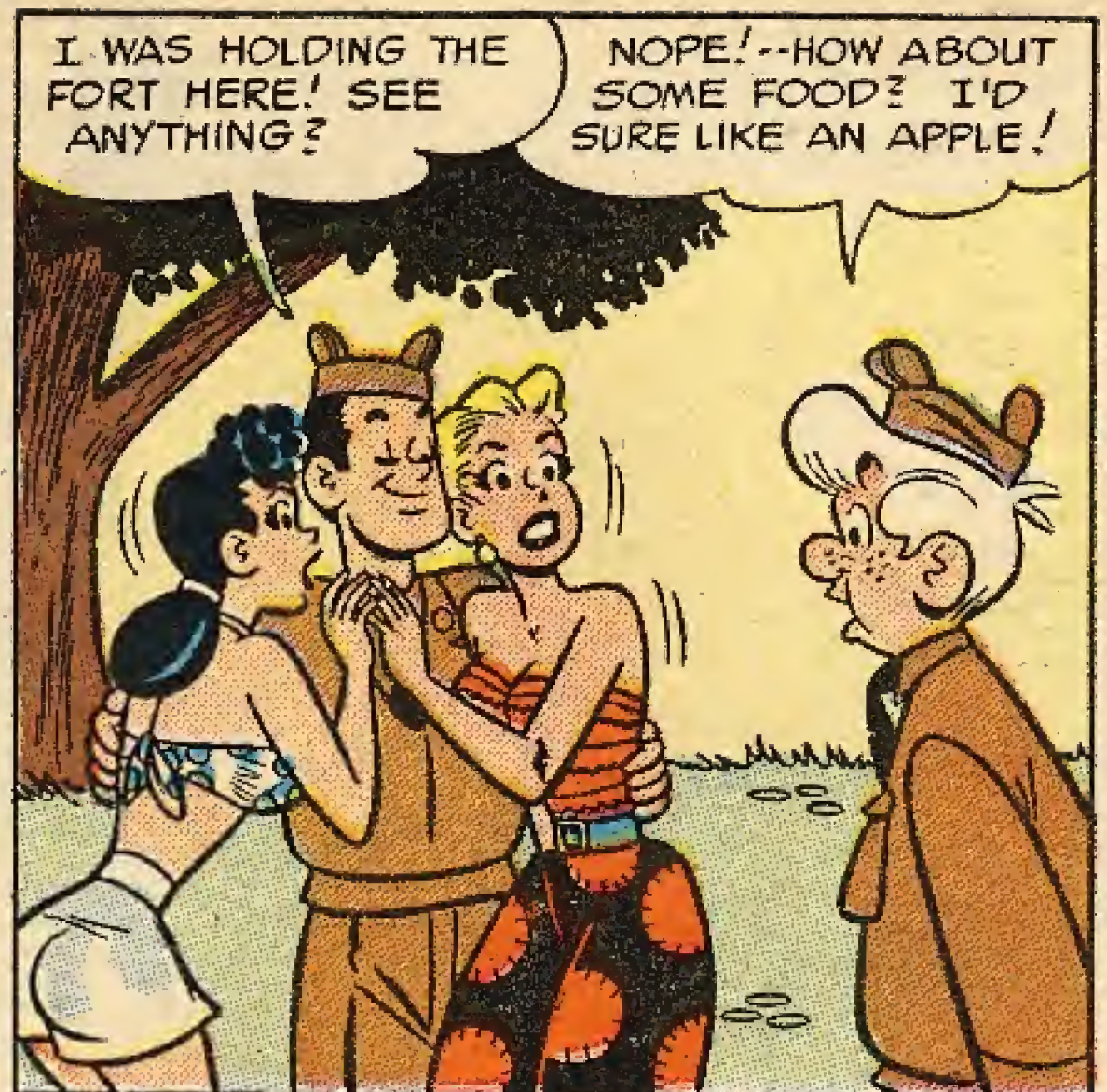
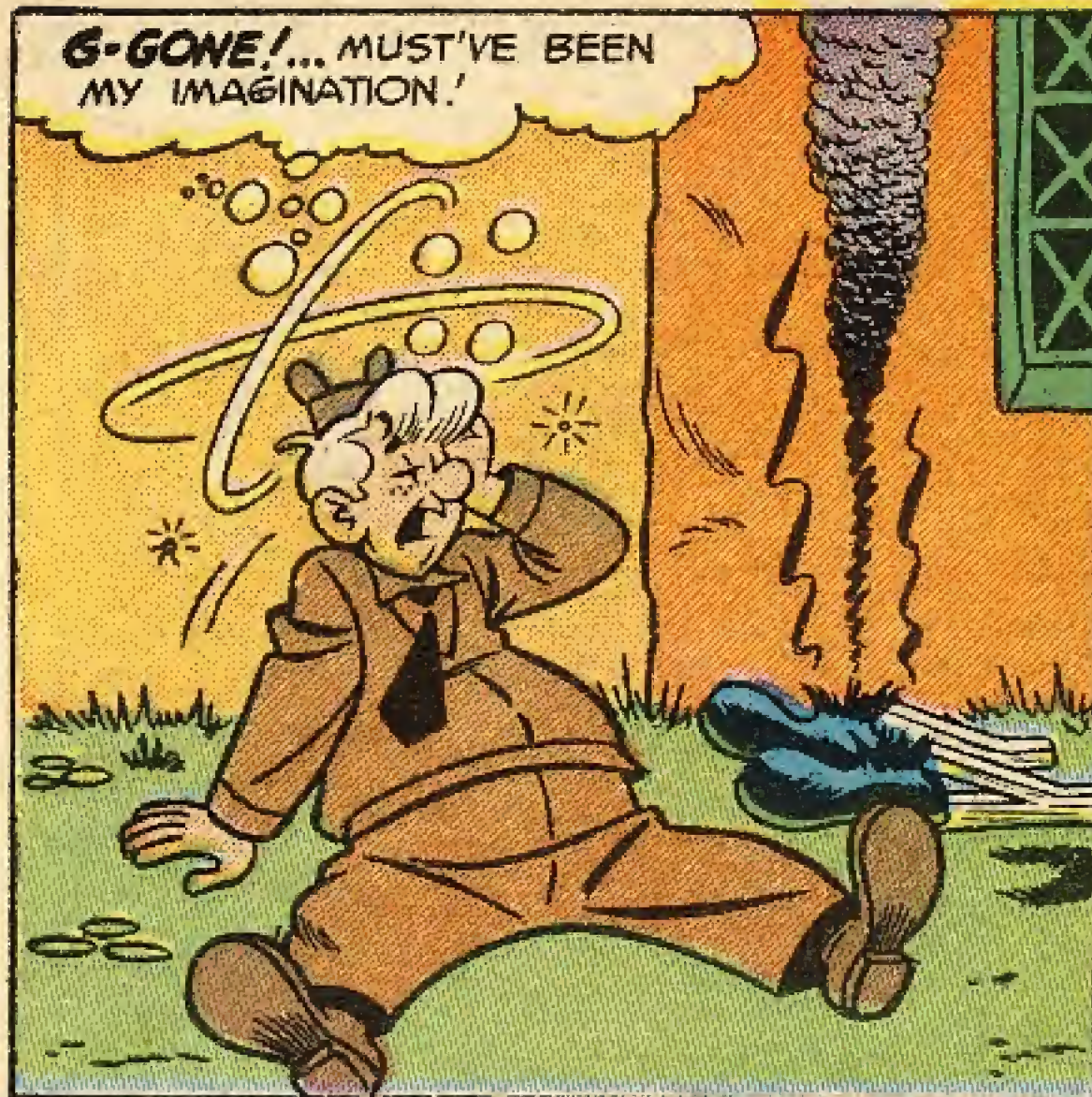


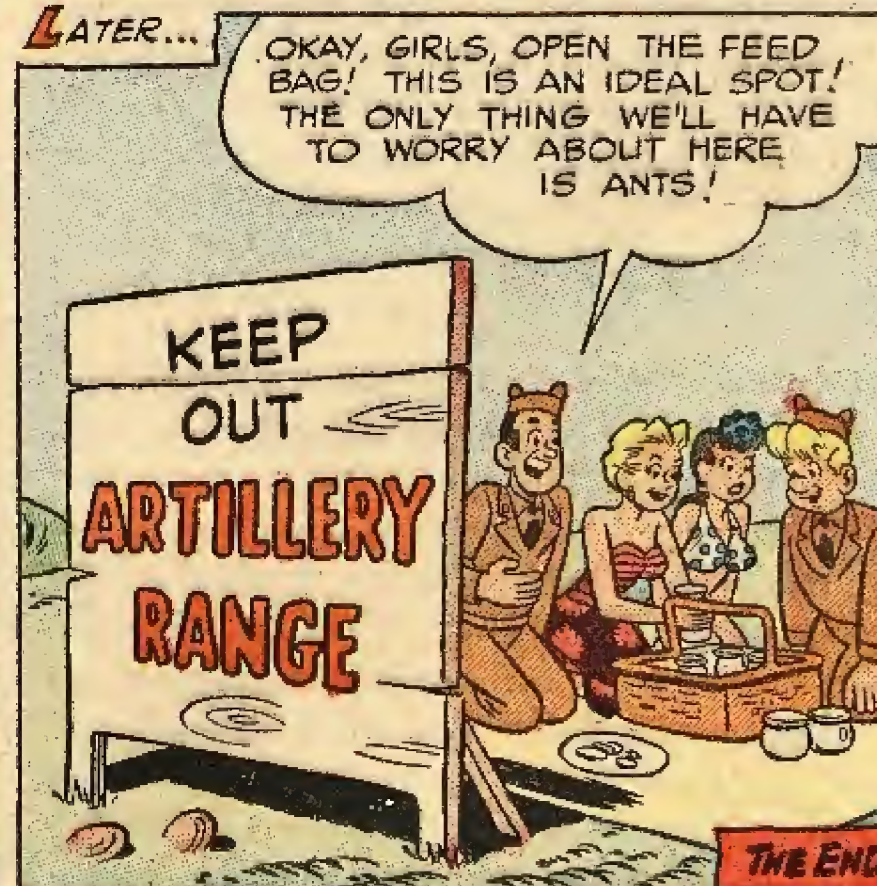
The YARDBIRDS in











DEAR GERTRUDE

Tokyo, Japan
November 16, 1953

Dear Gertrude,

We're rich! Well, that is, we're going to be, because I just swung a deal that's going to make you and me the pride of Maple Street, the State of Kansas and maybe the whole U. S. of A.

It's a big deal, but before I tell you all the details I better bring you up to date on what's happened since the last time I wrote. Remember me telling you about how we were being moved over to Japan? Well, we're here, and would you believe it, they can't even understand English? It's a fact. We (Orville Cot and me) went to a U. S. O. party last night and there was a Geyser girl there who danced a lot but never said anything, except in Japanese. Orville asked her a lot of questions and the only answer he got was a blank look and a bunch of fast stuff that sounded like the way Farmer Collins used to sound when he was trying to round up his hogs at feed time. Remember?

The party ended at midnight, sharp. On the way back to the barracks, Orville and me met this guy from the 132nd, the guy who came up with the deal that's going to make us rich. He asked us both how much dough we had. Orville was busted, as usual. I told him (this guy from the 132nd) I had about one hundred and forty-two dollars (you know, the money I was saving to buy you the ring at Stacey's). He said it was enough to buy into the pagoda. The pagoda, I shoulda' told you before, is like a temple. They got a lot of them out here in Asia. Well, this guy who built the pagoda needs money now—he lost a fortune in a G. I. crap game—and is willing to let the pagoda go for a song.

I know you wouldn't mind waiting a little longer for the ring from Stacey's, on account of soon I'll be able to buy a real big one instead of the half-a-carrot job we've been figuring on. So, I gave this guy, Joe Tooker, (or was it Joe Hooker?) from the 132 (or was it 123) our hundred and forty-two bucks to buy a hunk of the pagoda. Gonna' see him tomorrow, at which time I'll be part owner of a pagoda that cost a million to build and will sell to another guy we met for ten-thousand bucks! How's that for a fast turnover? And me with a

half interest for only a hundred and forty-two dollars! Who says I'm not a business man?

xxxxx (That means kisses)
Your ever-lovin' husband-to-be,
Sam Cosgrove, Pvt., U. S. Army

★ ★ ★

Tokyo, Japan
November 17, 1953

Dear Gertrude,

Just got your letter. Wait'll you get the one I wrote you yesterday! I won't spoil the surprise (about how smart I am) by repeating it here, so instead I'll just answer yours. Here goes: Paragraph one: I love you, too, honey, and I can't wait either until I get home and we're married and living on old Dodd Meaney's farm with all those pigs. Sure was considerate of him to leave the place to you when he passed on instead of giving it to that beautiful redhead, Zenia Smithers, who lives on the next farm. By the way, how is Zenia?

Paragraph two: What a laugh! You mean there's still someone dumb enough to pay 30 thousand dollars for the Brooklyn Bridge! Imagine that yokel falling for an old dodge like that. I bet the guy who sold it to him laughed himself sick, just like you did when you read about it in the papers. Ha! Ha! I'm still laughing.

Paragraph three: You bet you don't have to worry about me. They gotta stay awake all night to get ahead of this boy! You know me real good, Gertrude. I can take care of myself. Didn't I get in over a thousand hours of combat without getting hit more than twelve times? Not every guy can brag about that, can they?

Paragraph four: I love you, too, honey.

Paragraph five: Sure, Japanese costumes are different. They even take off their shoes when they go into their houses. They dress different, too.

Paragraph six: I can't wait either, until we're married. And I love you, same as you do me.

Now about that deal I made. I'm busting with excitement, especially since I couldn't find the guy I bought the pagoda from. (I must've got my numbers mixed when I looked for Joe in the 132nd.

Probably he's in the 123rd, which I'll go to tomorrow).

xxxxx (That means kisses)
Your ever-lovin' husband-to-be,
Sam Cosgrove, Pvt., U. S. Army

★ ★ ★

Tokyo, Japan
November 18, 1953

Dear Gertrude,

You know, a guy does a lot of thinking out here in places like Japan, and being the kind of guy who thinks a lot anyway, I got to thinking this morning. I thought about your letters and what a swell girl you are, and how we'll raise little pigs together on old man Meaney's farm. I thought about your ma, and how she always liked me and said I was the ideal guy for you to marry because I had so much business sense and knew so much about pigs and cows and horses and chickens. And when I thought about all that stuff, I got a kind of lump in my throat, knowing I'd be with you soon forever and ever with the pigs and chickens on *our* farm.

And that's what made me think about the pagoda. Well, I went over to the 123rd and asked for Joe Hooker or Tooker (I tried both names) and they said they never heard of him.

Being smart, I figured I got the numbers mixed up again. So I tried the 321st and the 213th. He wasn't listed as being with either outfit.

That got me to thinking again. I went to the U. S. O. club where I met Joe and got hold of that Geyser girl. She told me (through an interpolater) the number of his outfit. The 231st! Imagine me trying the 132nd, the 123rd, the 321st, and the 213th! I just kept skipping all around it, but having so much on my mind, I didn't come up with the right combination of numbers.

Soooo—tomorrow's the big day. I'll get hold of Joe and we'll close the deal with the guy who wants to buy the pagoda from us for ten thousand. What a chump, huh?—like the guy you told me about who bought the Brooklyn Bridge for 30 thousand dollars. (Catch me paying 30 thousand for that old bridge—I'll bet it's not worth five.)

xxxxx (That means kisses)
Your ever-lovin' husband-to-be,
Sam Cosgrove, Pvt., U. S. Army

Tokyo, Japan
November 19, 1953

Dear Gertrude,

What a rat race! First of all, the 231 Infantry was transferred out the same night I met Joe Tooker, Hooker, or whatever his name was. By now they're halfway back to the States—and Joe with my hundred and forty-two bucks. So we have to wait until I find Joe before we get the money back and buy the ring. Second, Joe made a mistake about the pagoda. It wasn't really for sale, any more. Some other G. I. had already bought it as a souvenir (you know these crazy G. I.'s—they'll buy anything). So Joe is holding our money.

Meanwhile, with payday a couple of weeks off, I need some money for smokes. You know what brand I smoke.

Well, that's about all I got to say today. I'm on K.P. (which accounts for the pea soup I spilled on this letter), and I guess I've got a hundred and forty-two pots with green rings in them to scour before chow time. A hundred and forty-two. What made me say that number? Must be I'm still thinking about our money. But don't you worry none, Gertrude—our money is as safe as if it was in a bank.

By the way, keep your eyes open and be smart. When we get that dough from Joe Tooker (Hooker) we might as well run it up. Watch the papers. Maybe that joker who bought the Brooklyn Bridge will realize how he got clipped and want to sell us an interest in it in order to get some of his money back.

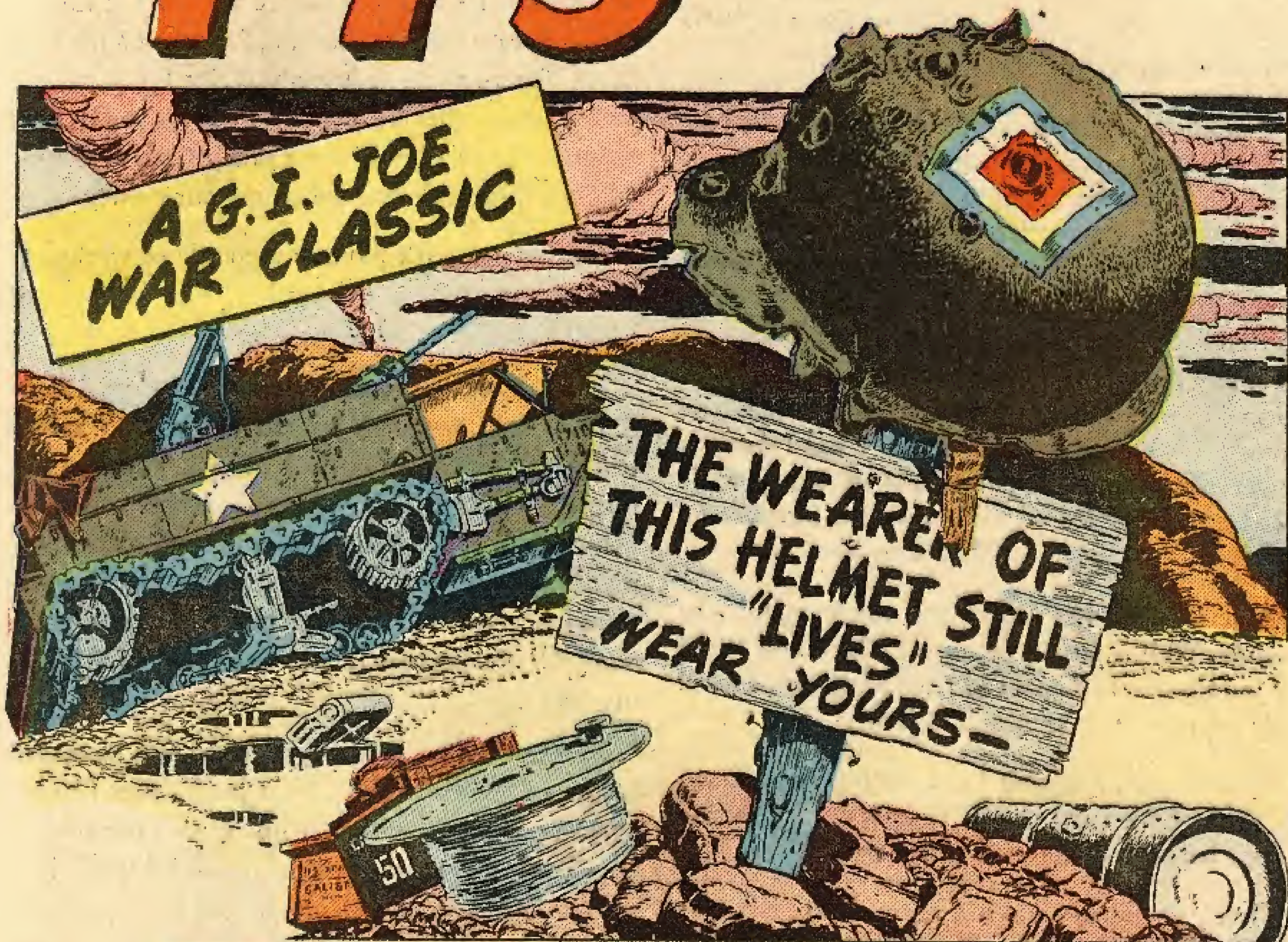
xxxxx (That means kisses)
Your ever-lovin' husband-to-be,
Sam Cosgrove, Pvt., U. S. Army

P. S.: Just thought of it, honey. I never did get Tooker's-Hooker's address. I almost started to worry, but then I remembered he had my address. Yes, sir—I'm always on the ball.

The character Sam Cosgrove is fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

HELMET 779

THIS IS MY PICTURE. I'VE BEEN THROUGH A GREAT DEAL. NOW I'M BATTERED AND TORN, AND PEGGED TO A STAKE SOMEWHERE IN KOREA. THERE IS A SIGN UNDER ME. READ IT CAREFULLY. IT'S THERE FOR A PURPOSE. I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT. THIS IS MY STORY. MY NAME IS "HELMET 779."



IT SEEMS ONLY YESTERDAY THAT I WAS IN A SUPPLY ROOM AT A CAMP BACK IN THE STATES. I WAS BRAND NEW THEN, WAITING PATIENTLY TO BE ASSIGNED TO DUTY...THEN ONE DAY, THE SUPPLY SERGEANT FINALLY REACHED FOR ME...



I LIKED THE LOOKS OF THE RECRUIT...

HELMET 779 - ASSIGNED TO PRIVATE TOM GRAINGER! OKAY - NEXT! KEEP IT MOVIN'!



I DIDN'T LIKE THAT ANY TOO WELL, BUT THEN TOM GRAINGER WAS YOUNG. YOUNG - AND CARELESS. I WAS TO FIND THAT OUT...

KEEP YER HEAD DOWN, GRAINGER - AN' YER HELMET ON! THAT'S TWO THINGS YOU'D BETTER REMEMBER!

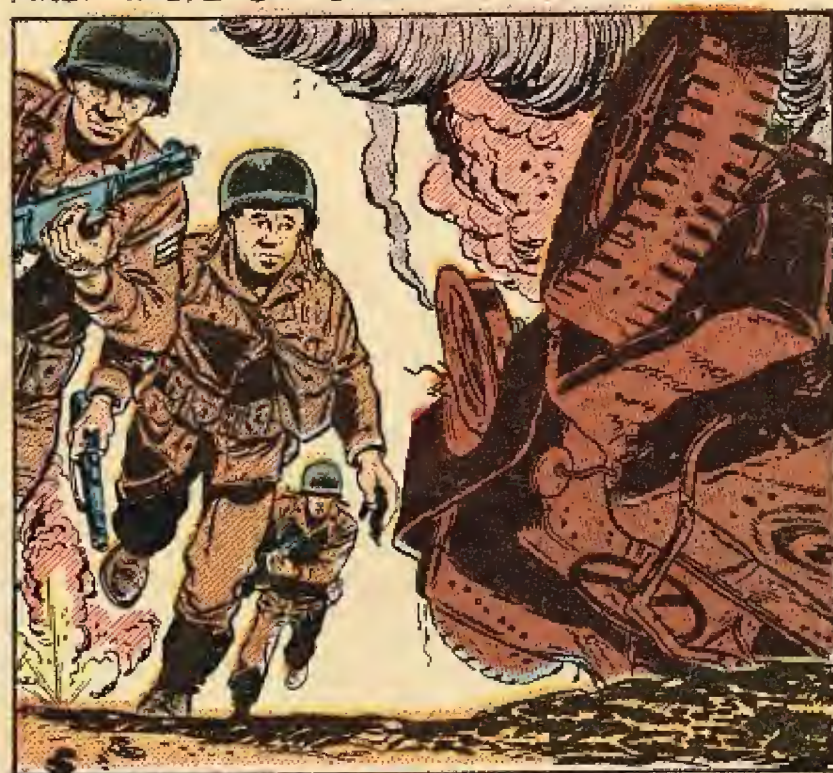


OF COURSE, THAT WAS ONLY IN BASIC TRAINING, BUT...

... I KNEW WHAT WAS AHEAD! OH, TOM TOOK GOOD ENOUGH CARE OF ME, BUT HIS MIND ALWAYS SEEMED TO BE SOME PLACE ELSE. (IN THIS CASE, THOUGH, EVEN I COULDN'T BLAME HIM TOO MUCH...)



BUT I STILL WORRIED ABOUT HOW WE'D MAKE OUT. SEVERAL MONTHS LATER, WE GOT OUR FIRST TASTE OF COMBAT IN KOREA...



THAT WAS THE DAY I HAD MY FIRST CHANCE TO PROVE MYSELF TO TOM...



I WAS PROUD I'D BEEN ABLE TO SAVE HIS LIFE! I WANTED TO BE A WARNING NOT TO BE CARELESS AGAIN...



I THOUGHT WE WERE REAL PALS AFTER THAT. TOM EVEN DECORATED ME WITH A LITTLE RED, WHITE AND BLUE PATCH...

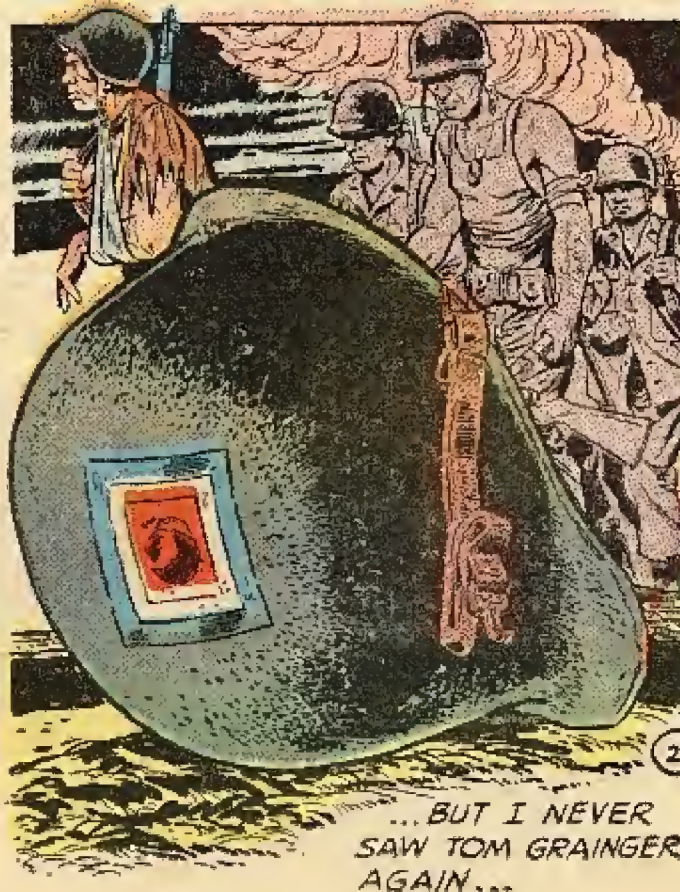


BUT ONE NIGHT ONLY A FEW WEEKS LATER...



THE REDS ARE ATTACKIN'! ON YER FEET, MEN... AN' MOVE FAST!

YOU GUESSED IT! TOM GRAINGER FORGOT ME! AS THE COLD DAWN SLICED ACROSS THE SKY, I COULD HEAR THE COMBAT GROWING FAINTER. SOON, THE MEN BEGAN TO COME BACK. I WAITED AND WAITED...



... BUT I NEVER SAW TOM GRAINGER AGAIN...

AFTER I KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED, I REMEMBER THE C.O. SAYING THAT TOM WOULD HAVE MADE IT IF I'D BEEN WITH HIM. IT DIDN'T MAKE ME FEEL ANY BETTER. NOT LONG AFTER THAT, I WAS ASSIGNED TO "FLIP" RUSKIN. IT WASN'T HARD TO FIGURE HOW HE GOT HIS NAME...



...AN' IF YA LOSE THAT ONE, RUSKIN, YER GONNA PAY FOR IT!

PAY FOR IT? THIS THING WOULDN'T BRING YA A KIND WORD AT A RUMMAGE SALE!

YES, I WAS ABOUT AS WELCOME WITH FLIP RUSKIN AS KP! BUT I KEPT HOPING HE'D LEARN...

YOU GUYS CAN WEAR THESE POTS, NOT ME! I LIKE MY HEAD FREE! I NEVER EVEN WORE ONE PLAYIN' FOOTBALL BACK HOME!



WE KNOW, FLIP... BUT OUR SKULLS AIN'T AS THICK AS YOURS!

I KNEW THEN THAT FLIP RUSKIN WAS THE KIND WHO LEARNED THE HARD WAY...

THAT NIGHT, THERE WAS A LOT OF ACTIVITY AROUND HEADQUARTERS...

GONNA PLAY BY THE RULES, HUH, SMART GUYS? OKAY, IF THAT'S THE WAY YA LIKE IT... BUT REMEMBER, RULES ARE FOR SUCKERS!

YOU'RE THE SUCKER, FLIP! I GOT ME A JOB TO DO OUT HERE, AN' WHEN IT'S DONE, I WANNA GO HOME-- VERTICAL!



LOOKS LIKE THERE'S SOMETHIN' COOKIN', FLIP!

AHH!! ALL THEY DO IS TALK! I'M FER SOME ACTION!

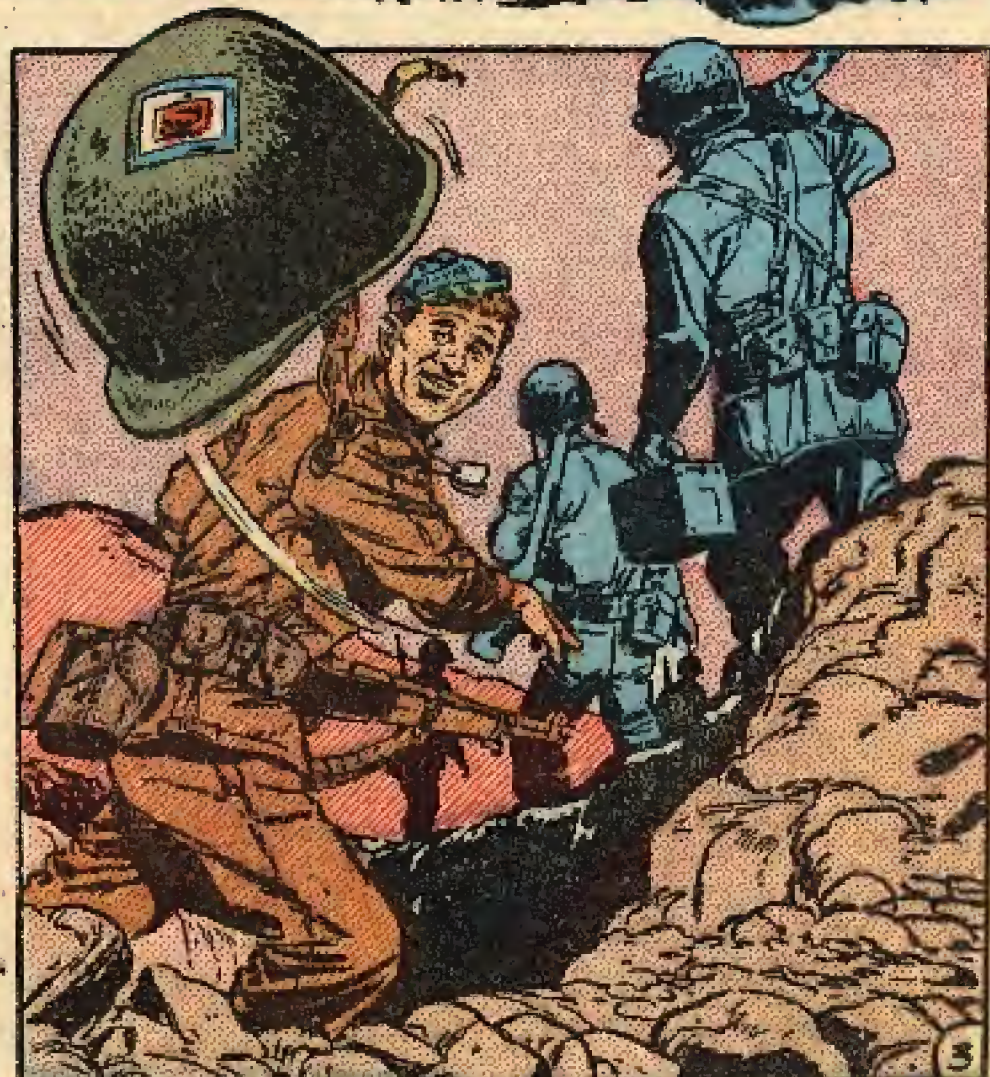


FLIP RUSKIN GOT HIS ACTION! IF ONLY I COULD HAVE KNOWN WHAT HE WAS THINKING, AS WE LISTENED TO THE CAPTAIN...

...AND BECAUSE OF THE SPEED OF THIS OPERATION, WE'LL TRAVEL LIGHT! BUT EVERY MAN WILL WEAR HIS HELMET!



I GUESS I COULDN'T HAVE STOPPED FLIP EVEN IF I HAD KNOWN WHAT HE WAS THINKING! IT WASN'T TEN MINUTES LATER THAT FLIP DUMPED ME BEHIND A PILE OF ROCKS...



...AND FOLLOWED HIS PLATOON INTO NO-MAN'S LAND.

I WAS FOUND THE NEXT DAY AND BROUGHT BACK TO CAMP.. SO WAS FLIP RUSKIN...

FUNNY... I **OUGHTA** FEEL SORRY ABOUT FLIP! I GUESS IT'S JUST THAT HE WAS ALWAYS **ASKIN'** FOR IT!

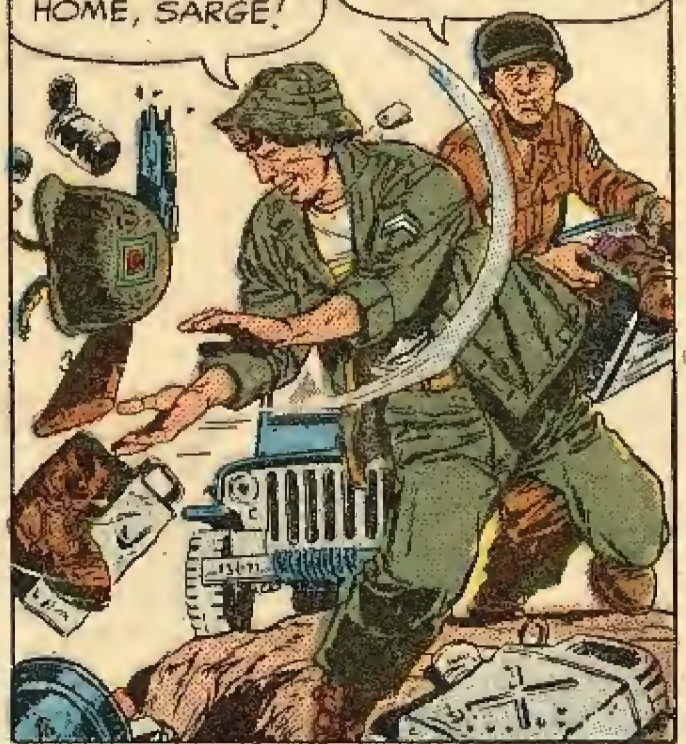
AN' HE FINALLY GOT IT!



I WAS SORRY ABOUT FLIP, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO, I GUESS THE SARGE FIGURED I WAS FINISHED, TOO. A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER...

WE USED TO CALL THIS SPRING CLEANIN' BACK HOME, SARGE!

YER **HALF** RIGHT! OUT HERE WE GOT NO **SPRING**!



I LAY OUT THERE FOR MORE THAN A WEEK, JUST THINKING ABOUT THINGS, I GUESS, THEN A CONVOY MOVED UP ON ITS WAY TO THE FRONT...



HOLD IT, O'BRIEN! **THERE'S** A HELMET LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT FIT BETTER'N THIS ONE!

TALK ABOUT A LADY BUYING A HAT! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE MORE PLEASED THAN CORPORAL FOLEY WHEN HE SLID ME DOWN OVER HIS EARS...

WHAT A SLICK LITTLE TURTLE-TOP! FITS LIKE IT WAS MADE TO ORDER!

OKAY... SHOPPING TOUR'S OVER! CLIMB IN! WE GOT A DATE AT THE FRONT!



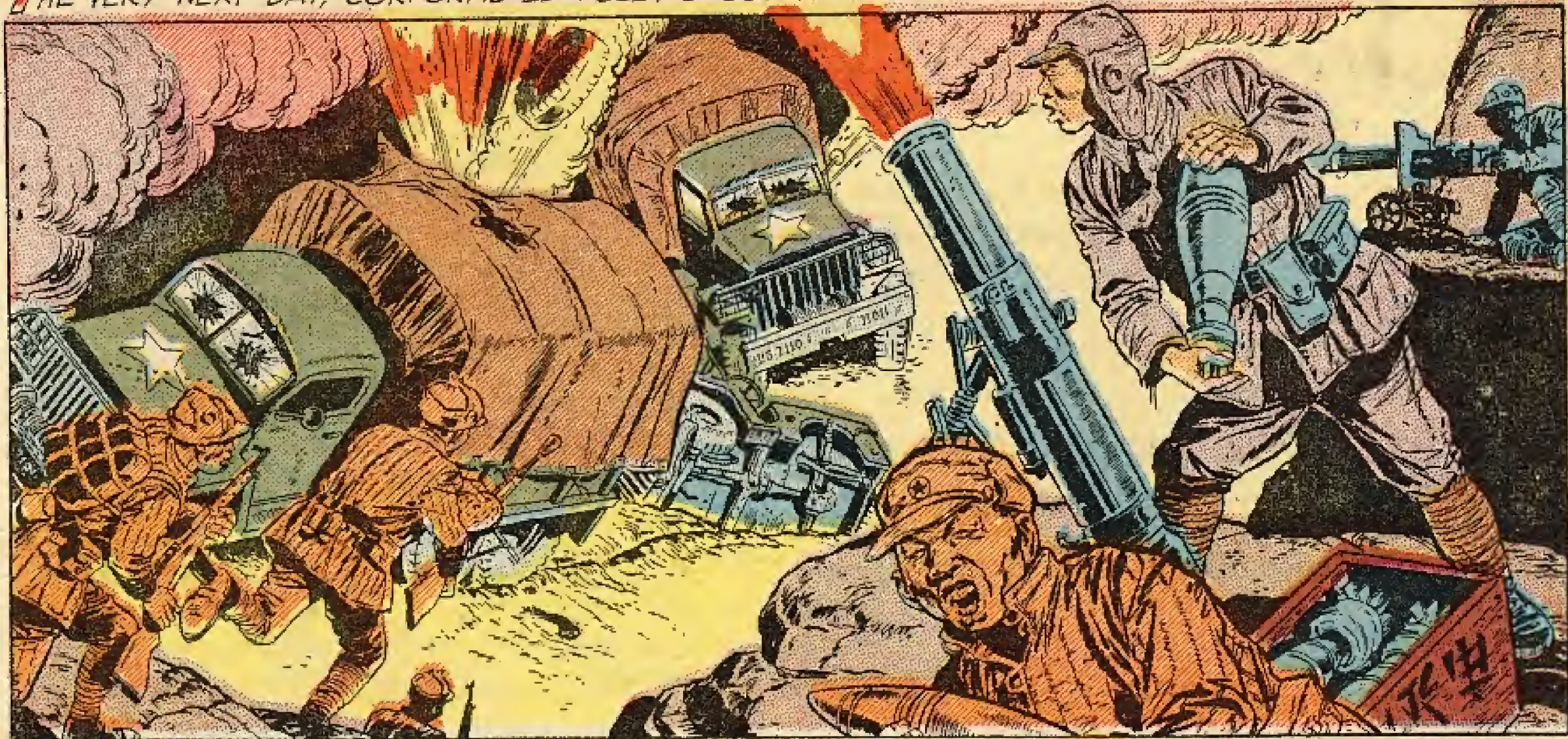
MY ONLY REGRET WAS THAT I WASN'T AS YOUNG AS I USED TO BE-- AND COMBAT LAY DEAD AHEAD...

WONDER WHO FANCIED IT UP WITH TH' PAINT JOB! LOOKS LIKE IT'S...

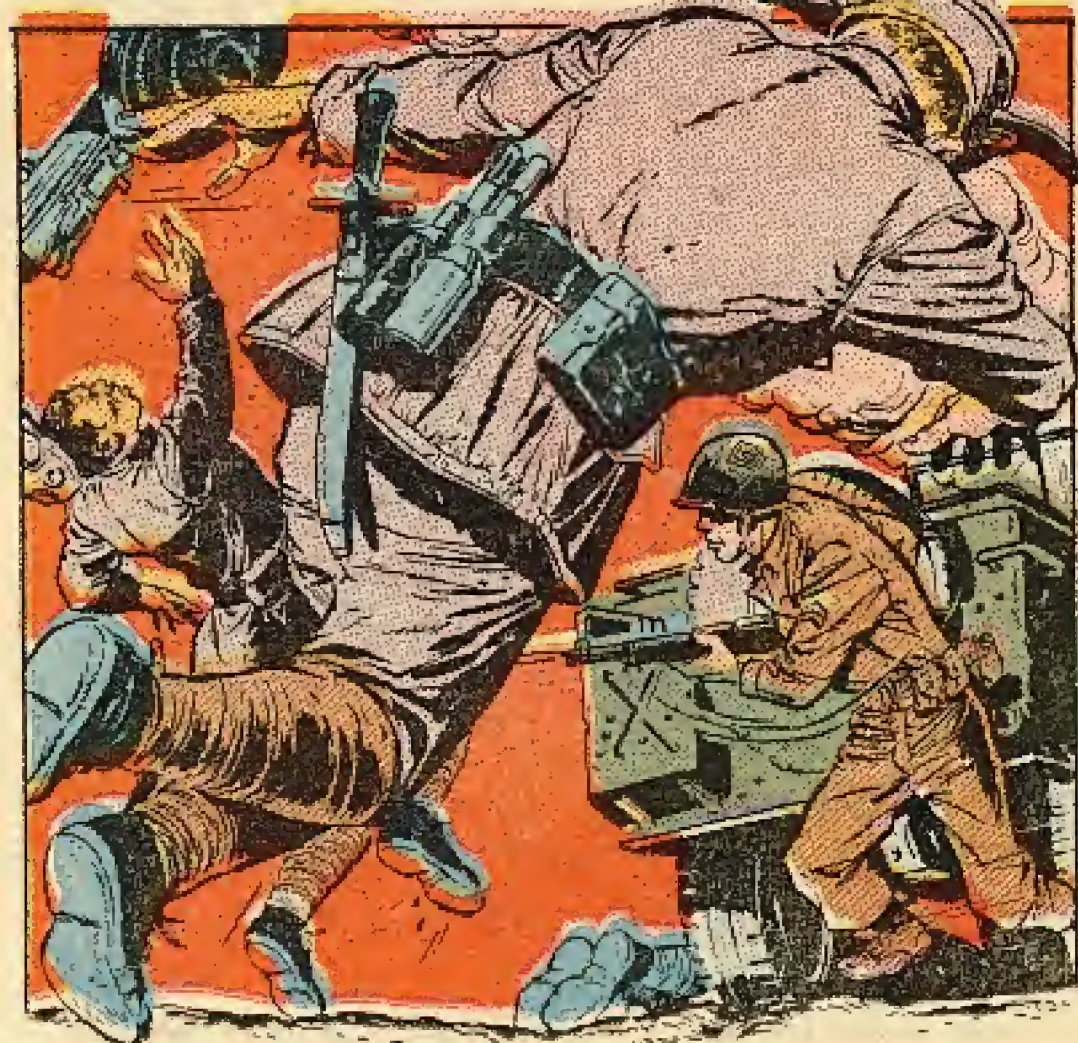
YOU BETTER QUIT ADMIRIN' IT, FOLEY, **AN' WEAR IT!** I AIN'T LIKE THE COMMIES! I KINDA **LIKE** HAVIN' YA AROUND!



THE VERY NEXT DAY, CORPORAL ED FOLEY'S OUTFIT WAS IN THE MIDST OF A SAVAGE ATTACK...



I CLUNG TO ED FOLEY AS IF HE'D STUCK ME ON WITH ADHESIVE, AND WE MOVED INTO THE THICK OF IT...



SUDDENLY,
THERE
WAS A
DEAFENING
EXPLOSION!
I COULD
FEEL
THE
SHRAPNEL
TEARING
INTO MY
SIDES.
I FELL
WHEN ED
FOLEY DID!
I WOULD
HAVE
BEEN TORN
OFF
EXCEPT
FOR MY
STRAP.

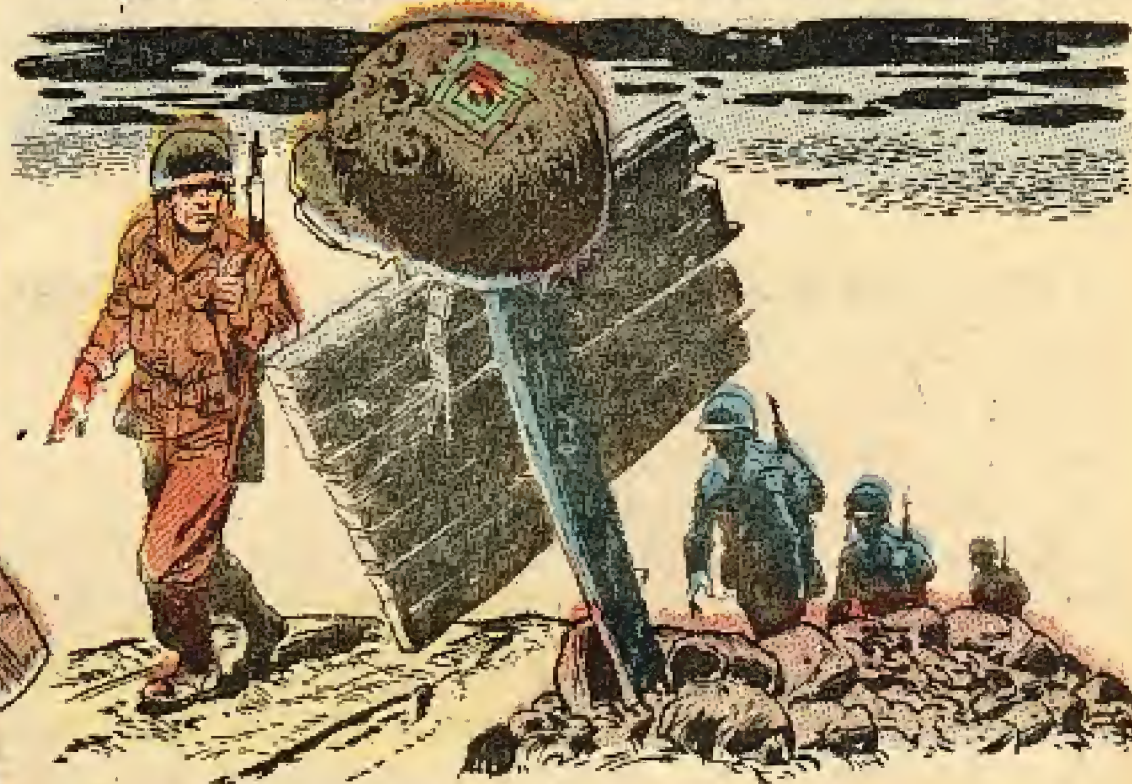
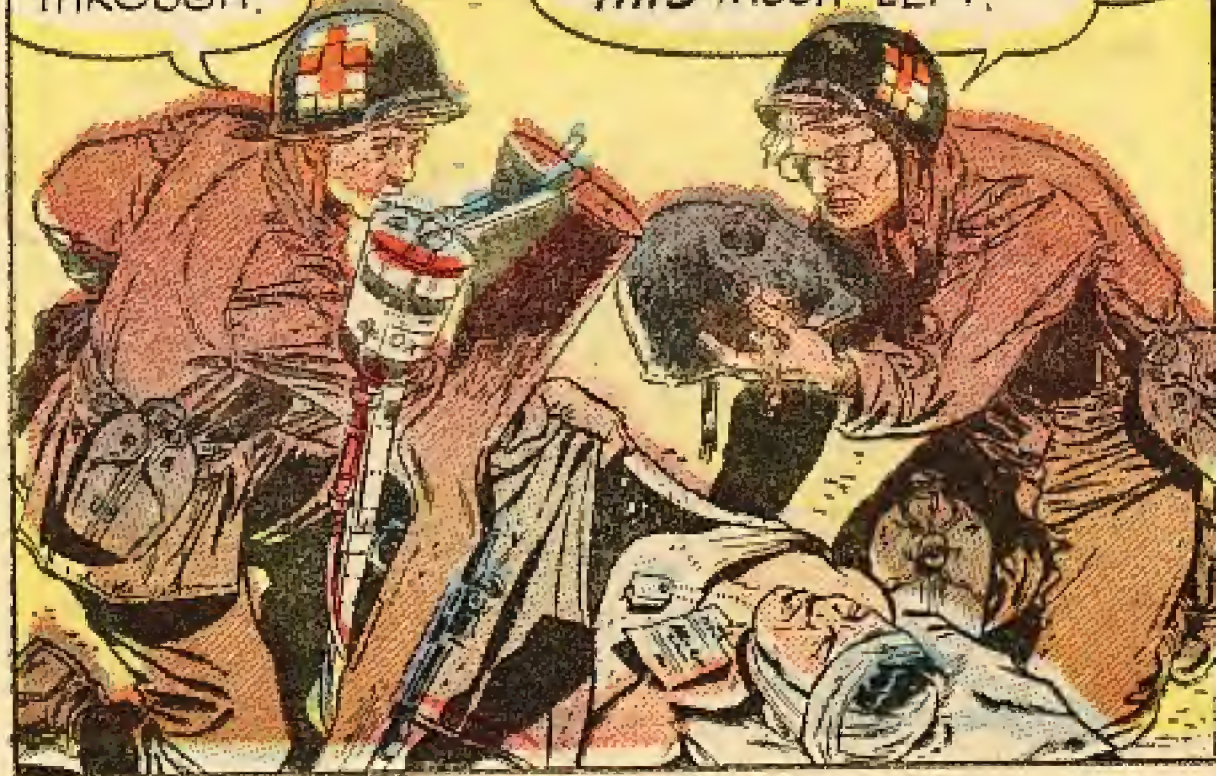


I DON'T REMEMBER HOW MUCH LATER THIS WAS...
BUT I KNOW THAT WHAT THOSE MEDICS HAD
TO SAY WAS MIGHTY GOOD TO HEAR...

WELL, ED FOLEY'S GONE HOME BY NOW, AND HE'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT. I GUESS MAYBE YOU COULD SAY I'VE GONE HOME, TOO. IT WAS A MEDIC WHO PUT ME OUT HERE...

THIS GUY TOOK A MORTAR
BLAST ALMOST HEAD ON!
HIS LUCK'S SURE WITH
HIM! HE'LL PULL
THROUGH!

HIS **LUCK** WAS HAVIN'
THIS WITH HIM!
LOOK AT IT, WILL YA?
IT'S A WONDER THERE'S
THIS MUCH LEFT!



...AND PAINTED THIS SIGN. NOW THAT THE SHOOTING WAR IS OVER, I'LL STILL BE HERE AS A VERY GRIM REMINDER..... THE END

G.I. Joe's Pen Pals

With this issue, G. I. Joe is presenting its Pen Pals page in directory form. We hope that our men in service—whether in the Army, Navy, Marines or Air Corps—will find this feature beneficial to them.

EAST

DOROTHY MIKITA, 655 LAFAYETTE ST., BRIDGEPORT, CONN. . . . "I am 16 years old, 5 feet 4½ inches tall. I have long brown hair and blue eyes, and I like to swim and dance. I would love to hear from any serviceman and I will try to send some cheer by answering every letter I receive."

MARCIA SACHS, 124 SUTHERLAND ROAD, BRIGHTON, MASS. . . . "I am 17 years old and I would like very much to write to our G.I.'s who are doing so much for us. I know how much they look forward to 'Mail Call.' How about it, boys?"

MARIE R. TUTTLE, EAGLE ST., WARE, MASS. . . . "I am 16 with hazel eyes, brown wavy hair. I love to write and I'd love to hear from any G.I. Joe who cares to write. I like to swim, dance, hike, etc. Come on, Joe, fill my mail box, won't you?"

LEONA BILODEAU, NORTH COMMON, BOX 49, WESTMINSTER, MASS. . . . "I am 18 years old, 5 feet 5½ inches tall, dark brown hair and blue eyes. I enjoy all sports and most of all I enjoy meeting and writing to new friends. I'd like very much to write to servicemen."

CHRISTINA TIMM, VERNON AVE., BOX 9, HAMBURG, NEW JERSEY . . . 16-year-old Christina writes: "I would like to do my best to help a lonely soldier, sailor or marine. I've been following the 'Pen Pals' feature in G.I. JOE for the last few months and think it's just swell. Keep it up, and, fellows, send those letters to me. I'll answer them all."

CAROL CUMISKEY, R.F.D. #1, WESTWOOD, NEW JERSEY . . . 16 years old . . . would like letters from G.I.'s . . . will answer promptly.

EDNA RODRIGUEZ, 1028 SIMPSON ST., BRONX 59, NEW YORK . . . "I love to write to lonely servicemen and would like it very much if my name were printed on the 'Pen Pals' page. I am 17 years old, 5 feet 2½ inches tall, brown hair, brown eyes. My hobbies are: Writing letters to servicemen, music, dancing, roller skating and swimming. I also like baseball (the Yankees are my team) and in football,

OUR G.I.'S ALL OVER THE WORLD WANT AND NEED MAIL. THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS TO FILL THIS SIMPLE REQUEST. THIS IS YOUR PAGE. LETTERS FROM OUR READERS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN EVERY ISSUE OF G.I. JOE. G.I.'S WHO ARE INTERESTED CAN CONTACT THE CORRESPONDENTS WE LIST.

Army and Navy are my favorite teams. I hope there's some lonely G.I. who will write to me."

PEGGY FARRINGTON, 3015 ROBERTS AVE., BRONX 61, NEW YORK . . . "Please print my letter in your wonderful G.I. JOE magazine, in the 'Pen Pals' section. Nineteen years old, 5 feet 9 inches tall. Brown hair and green eyes. Hobbies: Swimming, dancing and writing letters. Would like to write to fellows who don't get much mail."

DORINE WOLF, 857 ESSEX ST., BROOKLYN, NEW YORK . . . "I am 19 years old, 5 feet 4 inches tall, and a brown-eyed brunette. I would like to receive letters from servicemen and will answer promptly. I simply love to dance and listen to music. I love the classics as well as the 'pops.' Like painting, too, and fancy myself as quite an artist—hope to make it a career when I get out of art school. Don't want anyone to think I'm a longhair, 'cause I'm well-versed (for a girl) on baseball, football, basketball and boxing. Even know batting averages and whatnots. Won't you write?"

DEBORHA McDONALD, c/o PALMER, BOX 93, BUSHWICK STATION, BROOKLYN 21, NEW YORK . . . "My brother is in the army and I know how it feels not to receive mail. I would like to write letters to servicemen. I would appreciate the opportunity to help cheer up these wonderful guys. I am 18 years old."

JOAN STEVENS, 333 SOUTH PARK AVE., BUFFALO 4, NEW YORK . . . "I have a pen pals club here in Buffalo, and if any of the fellows would care to receive mail, we (the club) would be only too glad to help. I am 18 years old."

GERALDINE KOSZUTA, 80 DETROIT ST., BUFFALO 6, NEW YORK . . . "I've been following your 'Pen Pals' feature and I think it is a very good idea. I'd be very glad to write to the servicemen. As soon as I get any letters, I will respond promptly."

SHIRL BLACKWELL, BOX 632, OSSINING, NEW YORK . . . "I want so very much to join your 'Pen Pals' club and do my share to help cheer up the boys. I will answer all letters as soon as I get them."

POLLY POLINKO, 1211 CHEST ST., KULP-MONT, PA. . . . "I am 17 years old, 5 feet 4½ inches tall and weigh 132 pounds. I have green eyes and dark brown hair. I love to write letters, drive the family car and I like all types of sports. I hope to receive mail from a lonely soldier. I will answer promptly. It's the least I can do."

HELEN COONEY, 5036 NORTH 5th ST., PHILADELPHIA 20, PA. . . . "I have read your G.I. JOE comic book and I think it is a wonderful idea to write to these boys who are doing so much for us. I am 18 years old. I have blonde hair, blue eyes, weigh 121 pounds and I am 5 feet 5 inches tall. All my friends call me 'Holly.' I am interested in all sports and I would love to receive mail from those wonderful fellows. Would you please enter my name in your 'Pen Pals' page?"

SOUTH

KATHY SUE BELL, 5325 - 5th COURT SOUTH, BIRMINGHAM, ALA. . . . "Having read your 'Pen Pals' section in G.I. JOE I would like to submit my name to be entered for your next issue. I am 16 years of age, 5 feet 4 inches tall, weigh 120 pounds, have light brown hair, blue eyes. I like swimming and all the other sports, dancing and good popular music. Having heard from different boys, who have come home from overseas, how eagerly they wait for mail from home, I thought this would be a wonderful opportunity to submit my name in order to have someone write to me."

YVONNE PHELPS, ROUTE 1, BOX 135, CLEARWATER, FLORIDA . . . "I have no friends in the service and would like very much to hear from some of the boys. I am 16, 5 feet 3 inches tall, brown hair and hazel eyes. Write soon!"

MARION BROWNELL, ROUTE 1, BOX 330, CLEARWATER, FLORIDA . . . "I would like very much to have some pen pals. I am 18 years of age, I have brown hair, hazel eyes, 5 feet 3 inches tall. My hobbies are anything that is fun, such as: Cooking, basketball, volleyball, skating and last but not least, letter writing—especially to GI's who are doing a wonderful job. I hope I will hear from some of you fellows."

MURIEL ANNE MITCHELL, 7600 SW 19th TERRACE, MIAMI, FLORIDA . . . "I would like to write to some of those wonderful GI's who are doing so much for us. I am 17 years old, 5 feet 7 inches tall, brunette with brown eyes and a junior hostess at the USO here in Miami. My hobbies are swimming and skating. I will answer all letters I receive."

KATHLEEN THOMAS, LOYALL, KENTUCKY . . . "I would like very much to write to servicemen. I am 16 years of age."

CARRIE COLLETT, LOYALL, KENTUCKY . . . "I am 17 years old and would like to write to our servicemen. I feel that this is the least I can do to help."

AURORA DE LA CRUZ, 122 GLENWOOD AVE., HARAHAN, NEW ORLEANS 21, LA. . . . "I think your 'Pen Pals' feature is a wonderful thing. I would like very much to get in on it. Please enter my name and I hope that the boys will write to me. I like sports very much, especially bowling, swimming and football. I love pets, too. I have two cats and a dog. Please write."

ERNELL HUNTER, BOX 126, SIBLEY, LA. . . . "Please include my name in your next issue. I would like to correspond with our servicemen."

BETTY FLEENOR, 3712 JUNIUS, DALLAS, TEXAS . . . "I am 17 years old, 5 feet 5 inches tall, brown hair and blue eyes. I want to do my part in making some GI happy. I will write to all the GI's that I can."

DORA MUNOZ, P.O. BOX 52, TORNILLO, TEXAS . . . "I just got a look at your 'Pen Pals' page. Keep it up. I like it. I, too, would like very much to have some servicemen write me. I am 16 years old, black hair, dark brown eyes. I like to write letters, to draw, and I will do my best to cheer up any lonely GI."

MARLENE DRESSLER, DREWYN BLUFF, RICHMOND, VA. . . . "16 years old, brown hair, blue eyes, 5 feet 5 inches tall. My hobbies are bowling, movies and reading. I would love to write to the servicemen. I hope to hear from some."

MIDWEST

BETTY SUE SCOTT, ROUTE 1, BOX 354, CAIRO, ILL. . . . "I am 18 years old, weigh 130 pounds, 5 feet 8 inches tall, have long brown hair, brown eyes, and I am told that I have a nice figure. I go in for bowling, dancing, swimming and do stunts on roller skates. My favorite sport is football. I have a wonderful sense of humor. I would like to write to servicemen. By the way, I plan to join the WAVES some time next year. How about writing, guys?"

GEORGIA EASTIN, 5027 W. SUNNYSIDE, CHICAGO 30, ILL. . . . "I am 16 years of age, 5 feet 2 inches tall and weigh 110 pounds. I have blonde hair and grey eyes. I like to skate, dance, swim and, most of all, to write letters to GI's."

VIOLA HALFACRE, BOX 255, ODIN, ILL. . . "I saw your 'Pen Pals' page in G.I. JOE and would love to have my name entered. I would like to correspond with servicemen."

ROSE MARIE ZOBJECK, 124 BENTON ST., WOODSTOCK, ILL. . . "I am a reader of the wonderful G.I. JOE comic magazine and I like it very much. I've heard about the lonely GI'S who would like to hear from someone, and I would like to do my best to cheer up some lonely GI at Mail Call. I am 16 years old, 5 feet 1½ inches tall. Have blue eyes and light brown hair. I like to write letters and to receive them. If any GI is interested they can write to me. I hope I hear from someone."

NANCY STOCKING, R.R. 2, SAND LAKE, MICH. . . "I am 17 years old, 5 feet 3 inches tall, have long brown hair, blue eyes. I like to swim, dance and go horse-back riding. I would like to correspond with servicemen."

JEANETTE LEE, ROUTE 1, ST. HILAIRE, MINN. . . "I am 16 years old, 5 feet tall, weigh 125 pounds and have blue eyes and shoulder length brown hair. I like baseball, roller skating, and especially dancing. I enjoy writing and receiving letters from G.I.'s."

BETTY JEAN SCOTT, P.O. BOX 2603, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI . . . "I am 22 years of age, and would love to write to servicemen. I don't think anyone really knows how much these men need mail from home. I hope I can do my part. How about it, fellows?"

DORIS MYERS, 88 BALTIMORE ST., DAYTON 4, OHIO . . . "I would like to have this letter printed on your 'Pen Pals' page. I am 16 years old, 5 feet 7 inches tall, have light brown hair and blue-green eyes. I'd love to write to some GI's serving all over the world, especially those who receive little or no mail. I love to cook, keep house, swim, read and write letters. And I couldn't find a grander bunch to write to than our very own servicemen."

FAR WEST

ROSELLE POTTER, BOX 83, LEGGETT, CALIF. . . "I am 18 years old, 5 feet 7 inches tall, weigh 135 pounds, brown hair and green eyes. I like almost all outdoor sports, and I also like to receive and to send letters. I know how the boys feel at Mail Call. I have two brothers in the army—one in Japan. Boys, if you will write to me, I will answer as soon as I hear from you. Good luck to all of you."

CHRISTINE WHITE, P.O. BOX 974, OXNARD, CALIF. . . "I would appreciate it very much if you

were to list my name in your 'Pen Pals' section. I'm 16 years old, 5 feet 7 inches tall, long blonde hair, hazel eyes, 125 pounds. Hobbies: Swimming, horse-back riding and dancing. I would like to hear from servicemen. They are doing a wonderful job for us. I hope to get a lot of mail. I will answer all letters."

LaVERNE HARRELL, ROUTE 4, BOX 3621, SACRAMENTO, CALIF. . . "I am 16, I have brown hair, blue eyes and I am 5 feet 6 inches tall. I enjoy writing and receiving letters. I don't care how many write to me, I will answer each and every letter. Come on, boys, drop me a line!"

DICK BERTOCH, 1518 48th ST., SAN DIEGO 2, CALIF. . . "I would like very much to correspond with our servicemen stationed all over the world. I realize that the boys would prefer to write to girls. But there is some information, such as sports news, that most girls couldn't supply them with."

JOANNE HENRY, BOX 801, LANGLAIS, OREGON . . . "I am 17 years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall and have blonde hair and hazel eyes. My hobbies are horse-back riding, letter writing and dancing. I would very much like to write to anyone in the service because I know how much letters mean when you are away from home."

KAY McINTYRE, ROUTE 4, BOX 865, TACOMA, WASH. . . Age 17 . . . Hobbies: Horse-back riding, writing letters . . . Sports: Baseball, wrestling and horse racing. "I would be very happy to correspond with our servicemen. I will try to answer every letter I receive."

LOUISE SUTTON, ROUTE 2, WENATCHEE, WASH. . . "I was born and raised in Washington and I'm still living here. We have a large skating rink and lots of the boys from a nearby base come down. They have told me how much it means to get letters and I have been trying to figure out how I can help to cheer up boys serving all over the world. Thanks to G.I. JOE, my problem is almost solved. I am 16 years old, have light brown hair, blue eyes and I am 5 feet 5½ inches tall. I would like very much to join your 'Pen Pals' to help cheer up a lonely GI."

TESSIE MARIE BAUGHN, BOX 24, LANCE CREEK, WYOMING . . . "I would like to write to some lonesome GI's. I am 16 years old, 5 feet 10 inches tall, weigh 135 pounds, blonde hair (fair, long), blue eyes. My hobbies are writing letters, dancing, ice skating, swimming and horse-back riding. I am looking forward to hearing from some of you fellows."



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Name

Address

City State

Occupation Age

Amount you want to borrow \$



G.I. Joe's Pen Pals



OUR G.I.'S ALL OVER THE WORLD WANT AND NEED MAIL. THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS TO FILL THIS SIMPLE REQUEST. THIS IS YOUR PAGE. LETTERS FROM OUR READERS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN EVERY ISSUE OF G.I. JOE. G.I.'S WHO ARE INTERESTED CAN CONTACT THE CORRESPONDENTS WE LIST.

CANADA

WALTER JOHN MOKRYNSKI, 2061 DAVENPORT ROAD, TORONTO 9, ONTARIO, CANADA . . . "I noticed the 'Pen Pals' feature in your G.I. JOE comic and since I'm a steady fan of G.I. JOE COMICS, I wondered if it would be at all possible to list my name in the 'Pen Pals' section. I am 18 years old, 5 feet 9 inches tall and I would like to

correspond with male and female members of the armed forces."

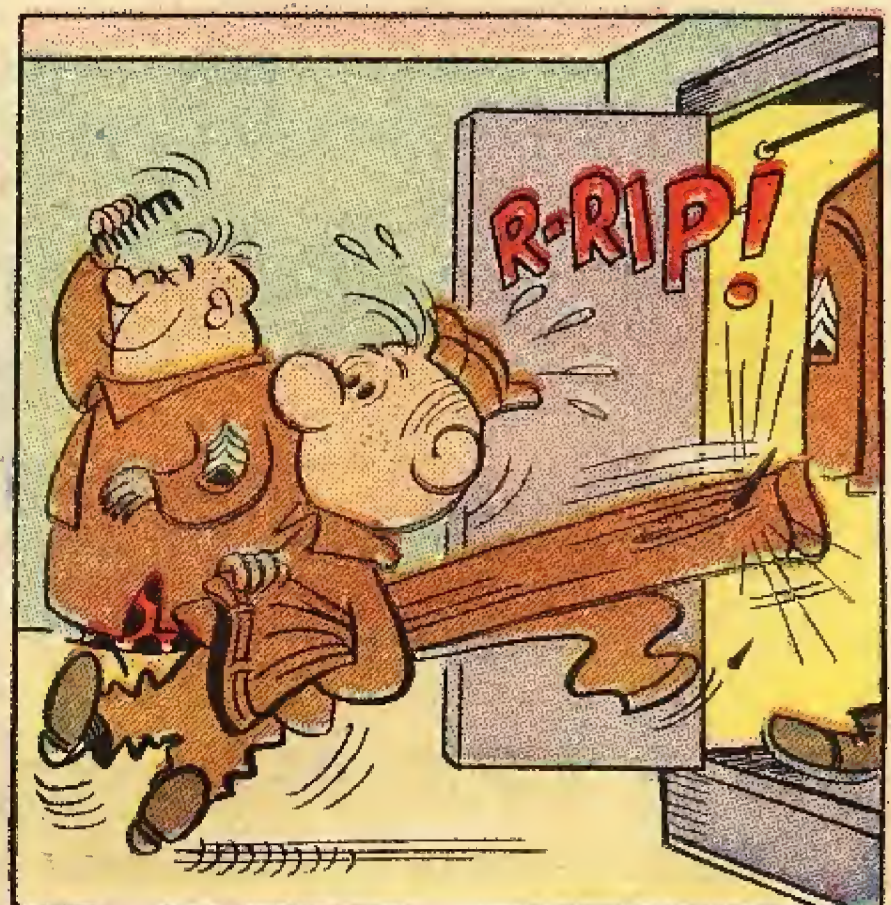
PEGGY MARKS, 43 KNAPPEN ST., WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, CANADA . . . "I would be very pleased to write to GI's serving all over the world. I am 24 years old, 5 feet 5 inches tall, a brunette and I weigh 127 pounds. I am interested in dancing and music of all kinds. I hope to hear from some lonely GI's."

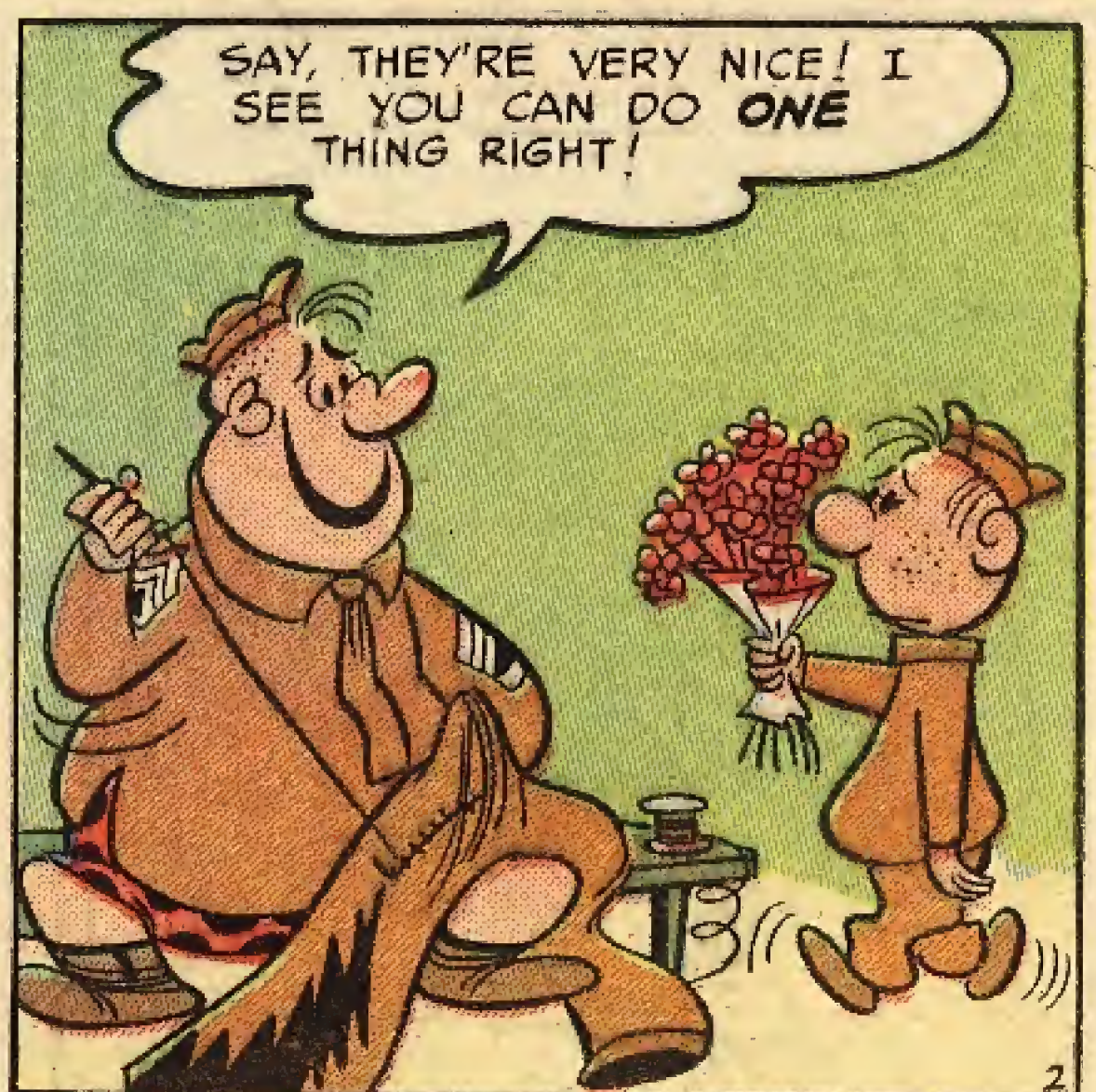
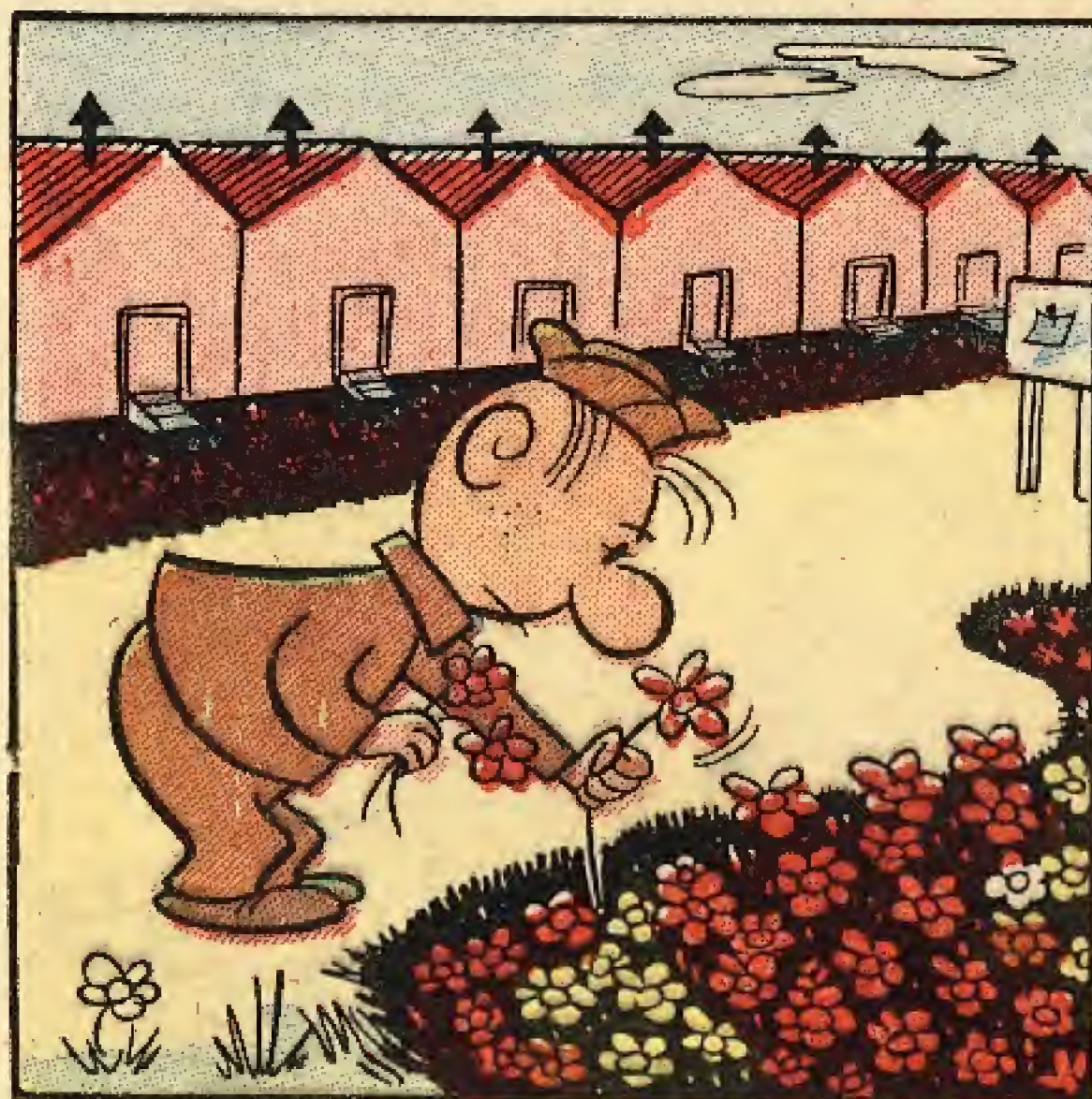
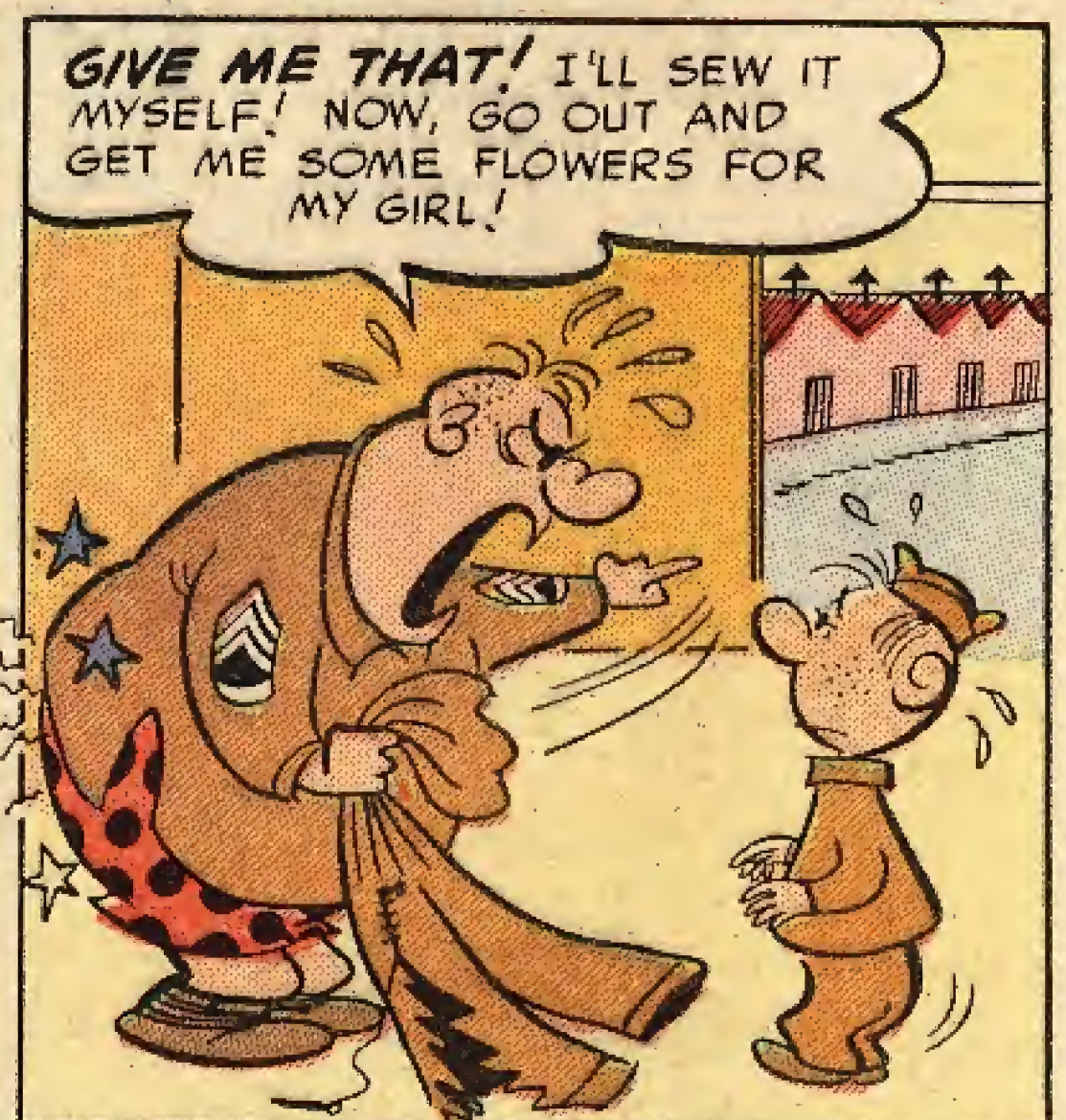
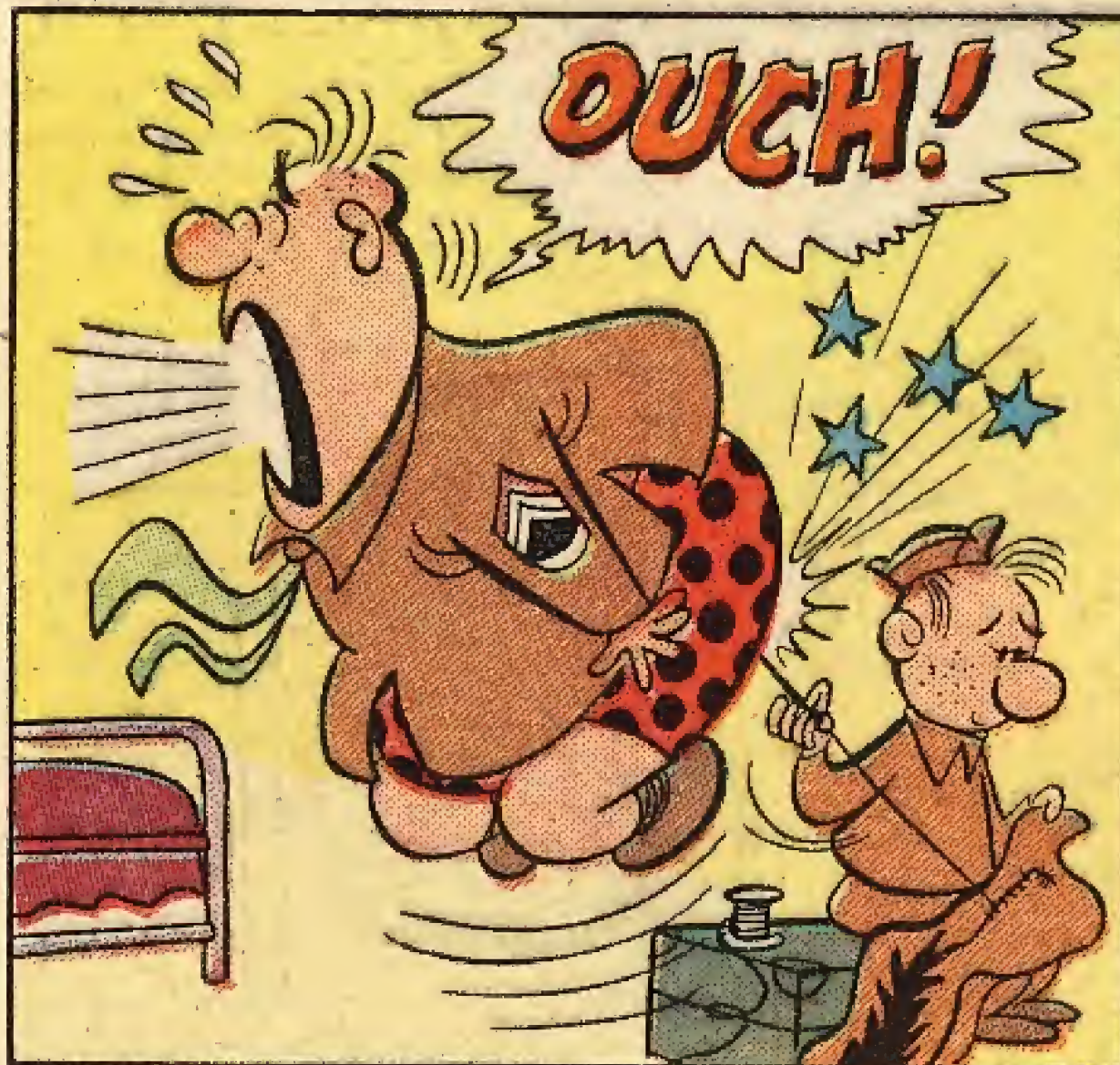
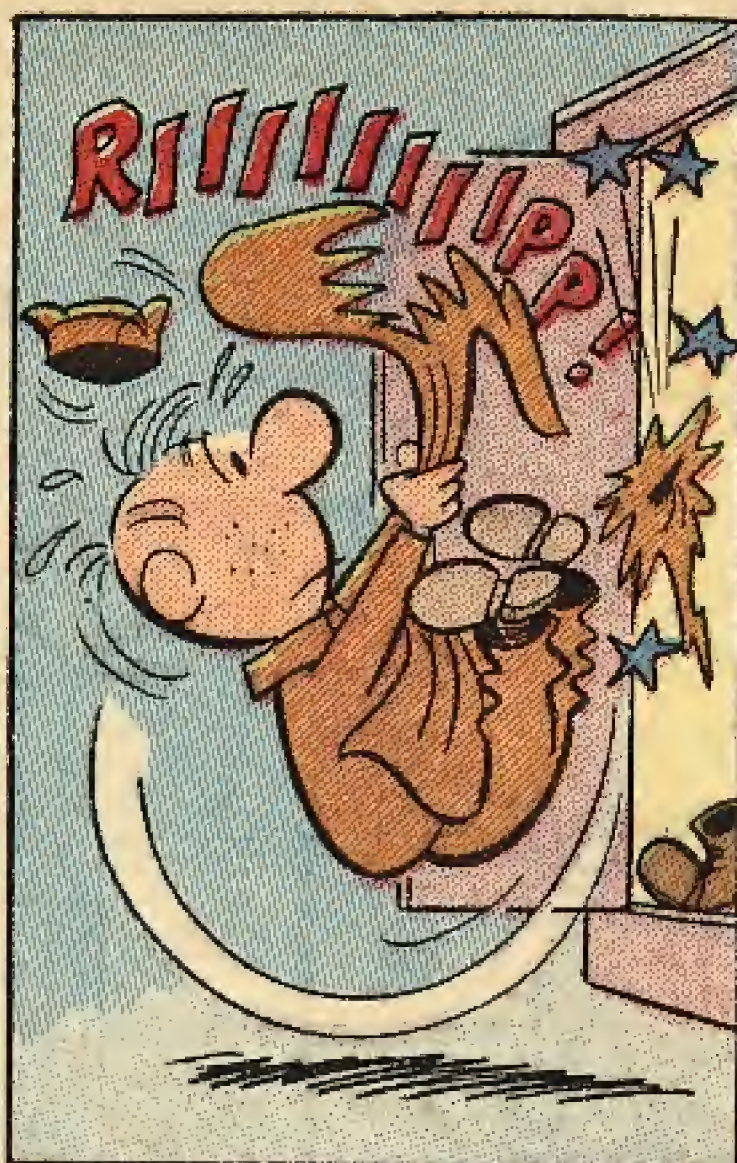
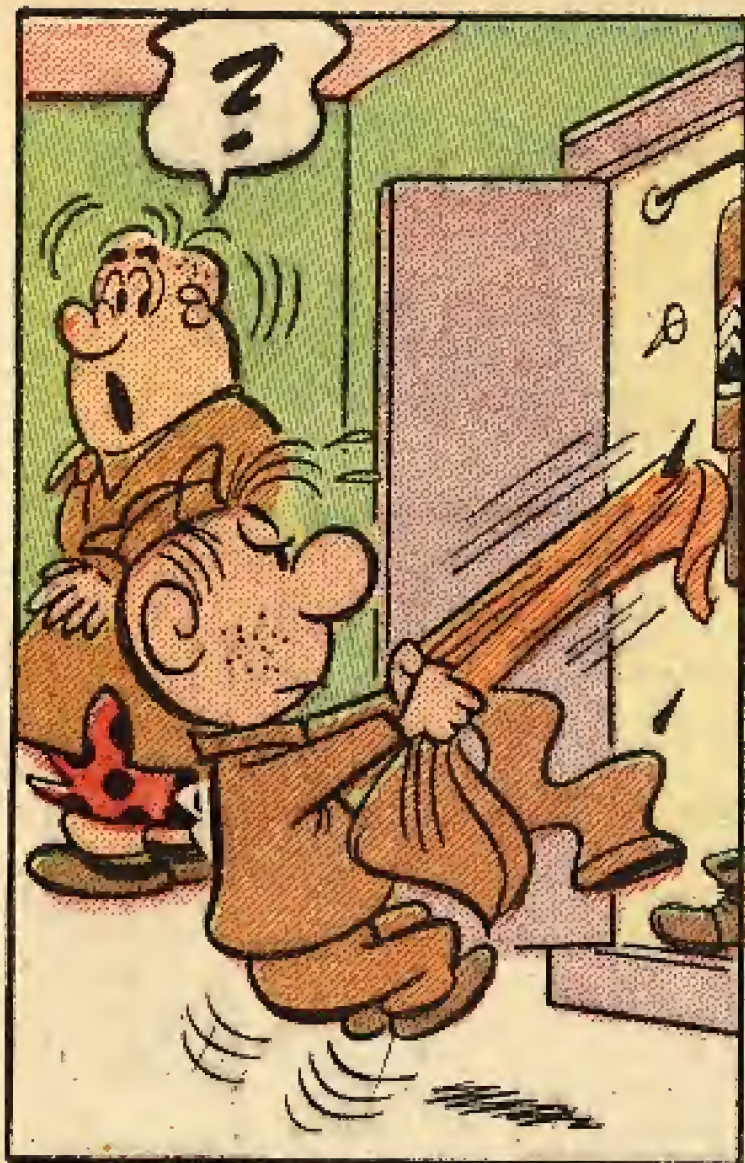
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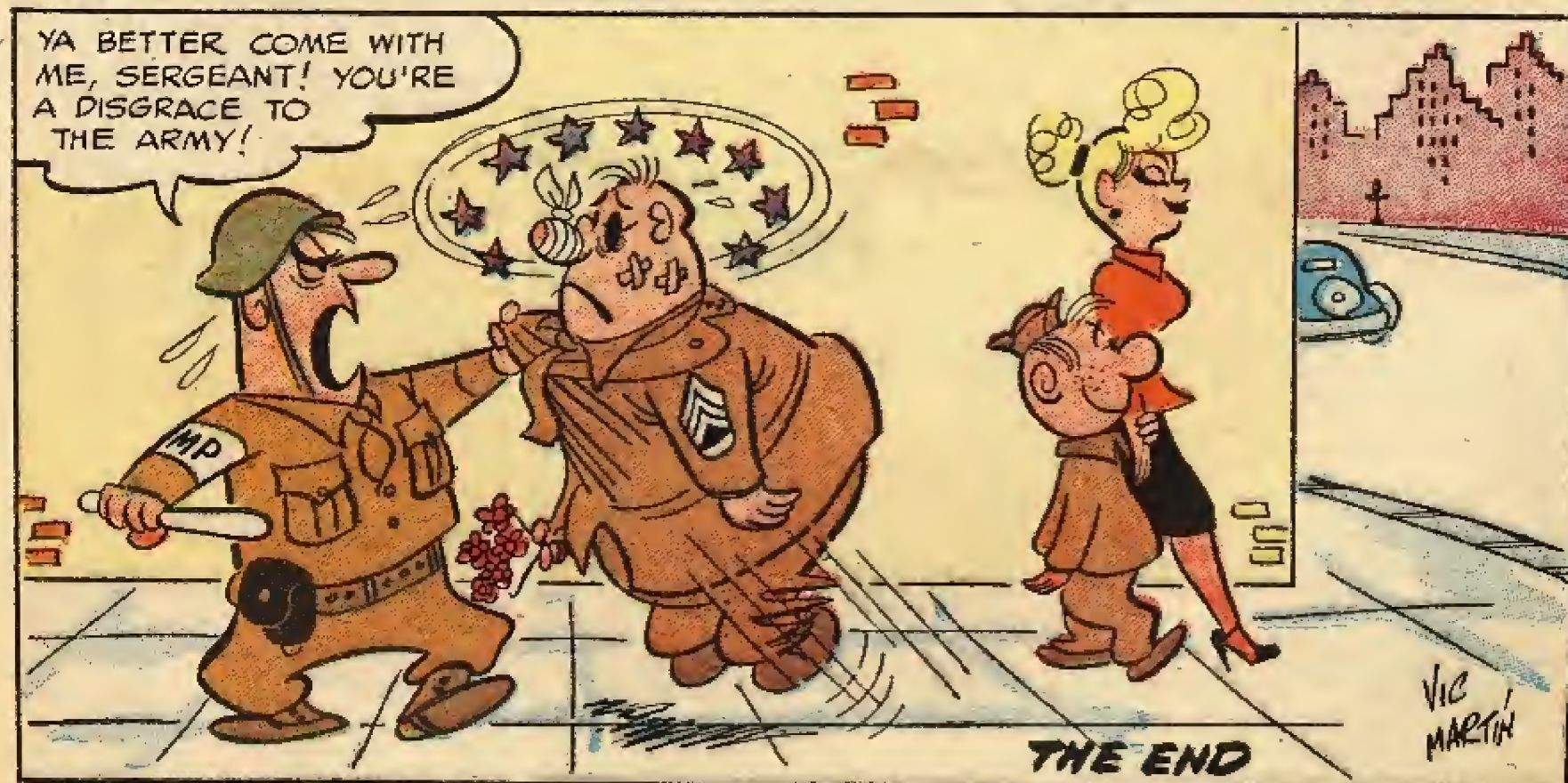
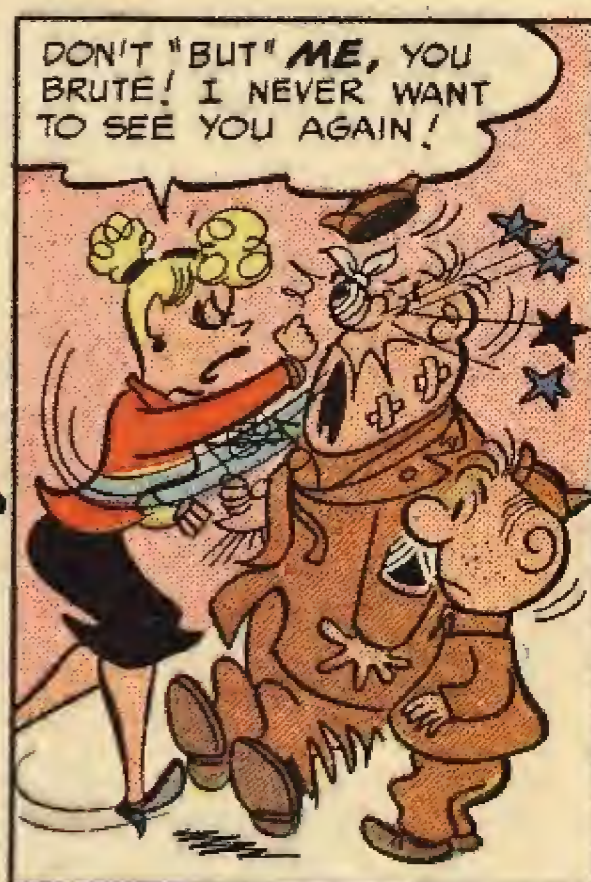
THIS IS YOUR PAGE—SEND US YOUR LETTERS!

The address: G.I. JOE'S PEN PALS, ZIFF-DAVIS PUBLISHING CO., 366 MADISON AVE., N. Y. C.

PVT. DOPEY *in* HELPING HAND



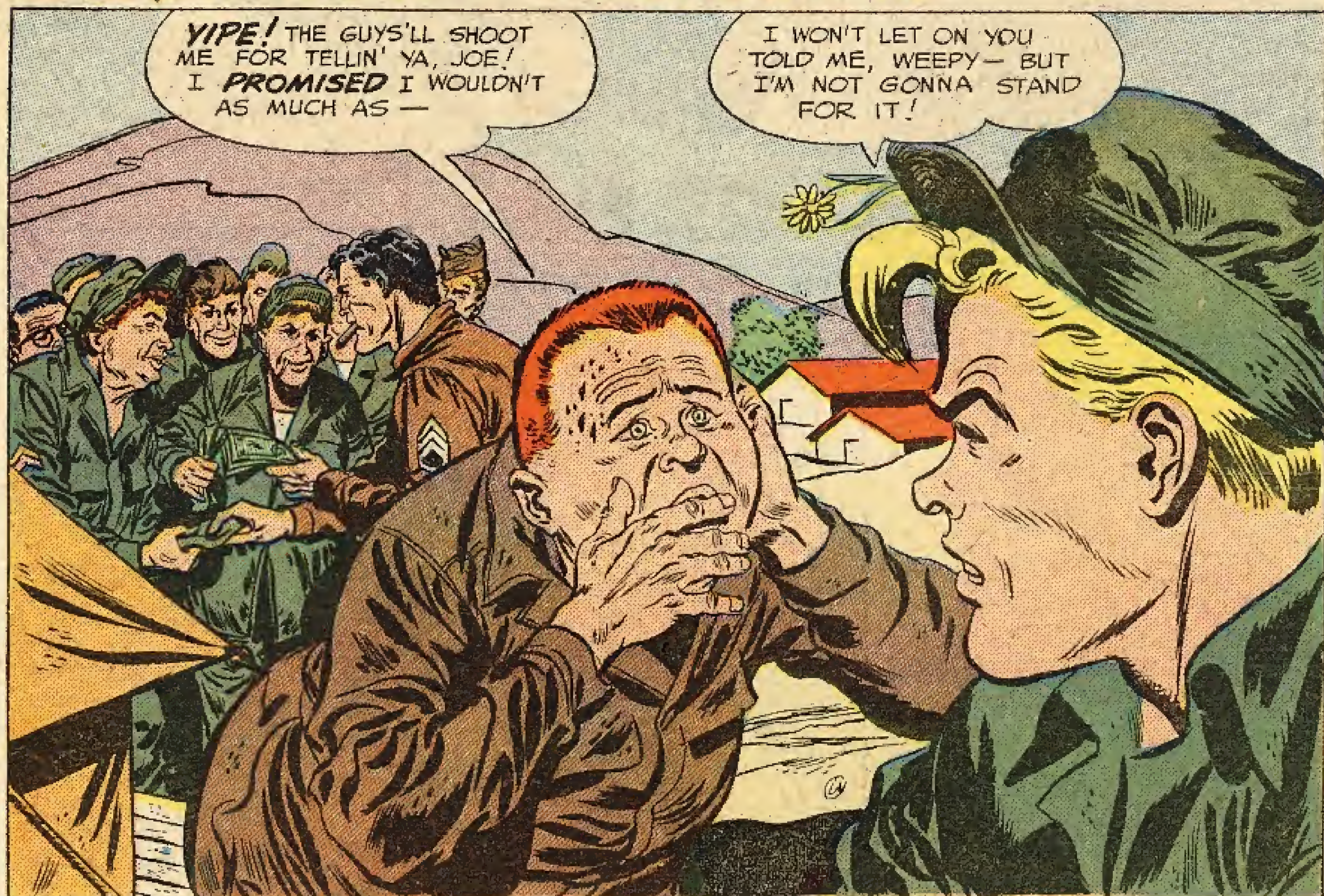




G.I. Joe

"The Reluctant Warrior"

DID YOU EVER TRY TO OFFER YOUR GRATITUDE TO SOMEONE, ONLY TO HAVE IT FLUNG RIGHT BACK IN YOUR FACE? THE BOYS IN BAKER COMPANY FACED A SIMILIAR SITUATION WHEN THEY ATTEMPTED TO HONOR ONE OF THEIR NUMBER...





WELL, OF ALL TH' NERVY, UNGRATEFUL CHARACTERS I EVER SEEN! HE THINKS TH' PARTY'S FER **HIM!**

CAT'S OUTA THE BAG NOW, SARGE... SURE, IT'S FOR YOU, JOE! WE JUST WANNA — WELL, HECK, YOU'VE HELPED ALL OF **US** HERE IN "B" COMPANY ONE TIME OR ANOTHER, AN' WE JUST WANNA SHOW YOU WE --



I DON'T WANT ANY THANKS, CARP! NOW, **DROP IT,** WILL YA?

GET **HIM!** TH' SAME GUY WHO'S BEEN SHOOTIN' OFF TO **OTHER** GUYS FER DOIN' TH' **SAME** THING!!



LAY OFF, SARGE! I'M WARNIN' YOU!

Y'GOT YER WIRES CROSSED, BURCH! **I'M** WARNIN' YOU! YA SURE MAKE A SORRY-LOOKIN' SIGHT 'T ME RIGHT NOW...!



... **WHAT'SAMATTER?** YOU TOO **BIG** TO LET SOMEBODY DO SOMETHIN' **NICE** FER YA?



I'M TELLIN' YOU I DON'T WANT ANY THANKS! — NOW, LEAVE ME ALONE!

Y'CAN BET YER SWEET LIFE WE'LL LEAVE YA ALONE...!



WHO'D WANNA GIVE A PARTY FER A GUY WHO DON'T APPRECIATE IT? — OKAY! THAT'S TH' WAY HE WANTS IT — HE'S **GOT IT!** WE'RE GOIN' AHEAD WITH TH' PARTY ANYWAY! WE'LL CELEBRATE HIS **NOT** BEIN' THERE!

HEY, JOE...!



JOE — WAIT UP! I WANNA TALK TO YA....!

I GOT NOTHIN' MORE TO SAY, CARP!

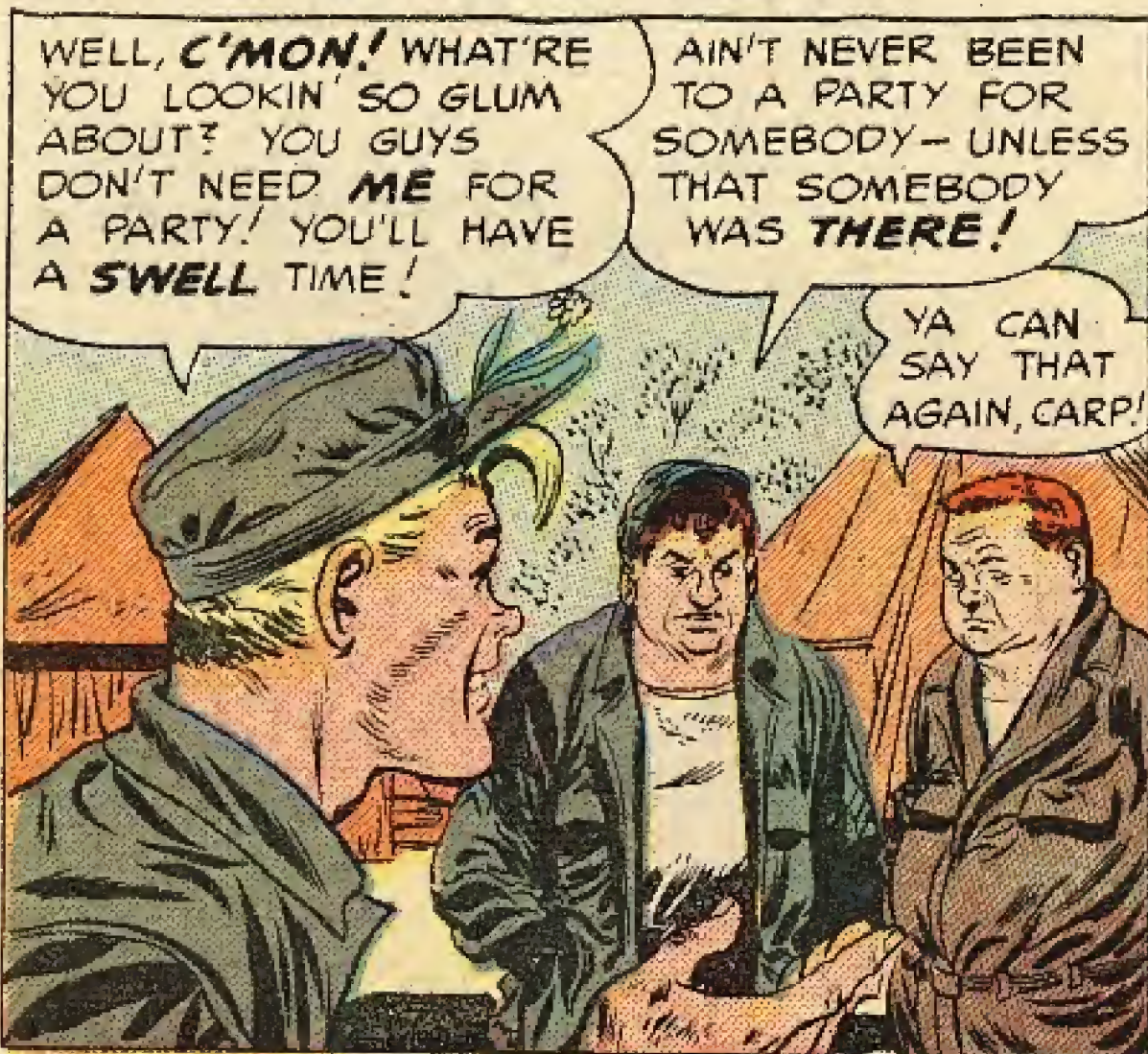
HEY! 'JA CHANGE YER MIND, JOE? HUH? DIDJA? YOU GONNA LET US GO AHEAD WITH THE PARTY?



NO, HE DIDN'T... SO YOU'RE THE ONE WHO RAN OFF AT THE MOUTH! WHY, YOU FAT--

EASY, CARP! WEEPY'S GOT NOTHIN' TO DO WITH HOW I FEEL! NOW LET'S QUIT TALKIN' ABOUT IT -- OKAY?

BUT AFTER AN AWKWARD SILENCE ...



WELL, C'MON! WHAT'RE YOU LOOKIN' SO GLUM ABOUT? YOU GUYS DON'T NEED ME FOR A PARTY! YOU'LL HAVE A SWELL TIME!

AIN'T NEVER BEEN TO A PARTY FOR SOMEBODY — UNLESS THAT SOMEBODY WAS **THERE!**

YA CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, CARP!



AW, WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT? GEE, YOU'D THINK--

WE AIN'T GOIN', JOE! NO, SIR! NOT WITHOUT YOU! — RIGHT, WEEPY?

RIGHT...



GUESS A GUY'S GOT A RIGHT TO FEEL LIKE HE WANTS TO ABOUT PARTIES! WE'RE STICKIN' WITH YOU, JOE! — RIGHT, WEEPY?

RIGHT!



LOOKS LIKE WE GOT THREE LESS STOMACHS TO WORRY ABOUT TOMORROW NIGHT! — BE SURE IT'S A BIG FAT PRIME CHICKEN, HOOSIER — **BIG, FAT AN' JUICY!!**

THE NEXT AFTERNOON...

AN' I GOT SOME RECORDS, TOO, SARGE!

THE SARGE SURE THINKS HE'S FUNNY WITH THAT SIGN!

LOOK! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU GUYS ARE STICKIN' WITH ME FOR! I TOLD YOU NOT TO! WHY DON'T YOU GO TO THE PARTY? DON'T LET ME HOLD YOU BACK!

I AIN'T SEEN THE CHICKEN ARRIVE YET!

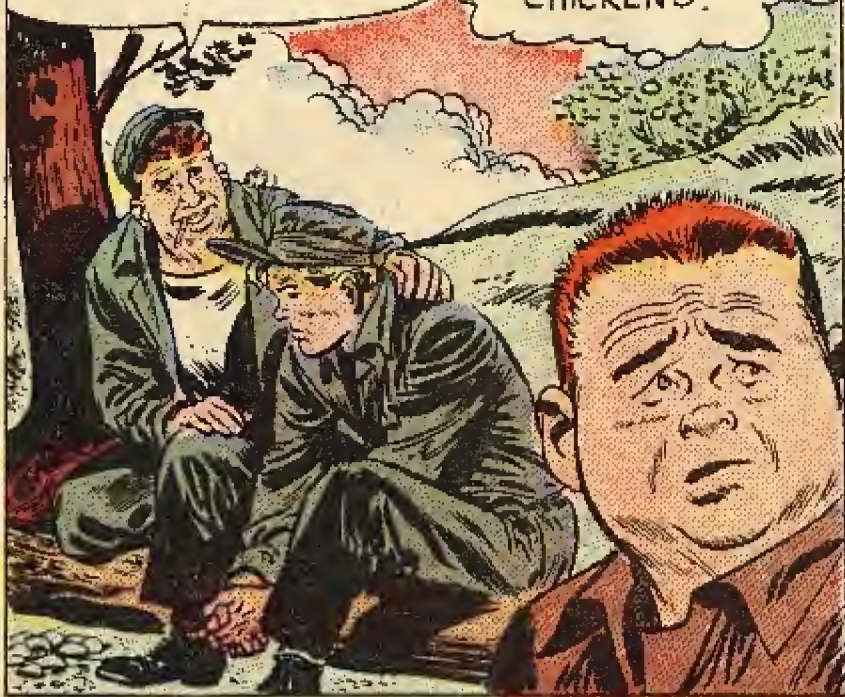
HONORARY PARTY
IN HONOR OF NOBODY
—TONIGHT—
NOT VERY FORMAL!



NO, SIR! WE'RE BUDDIES AN' WE STICK TOGETHER, JOE! — AIN'T THAT SO, WEEPY?

YOU SAID IT, CARP...

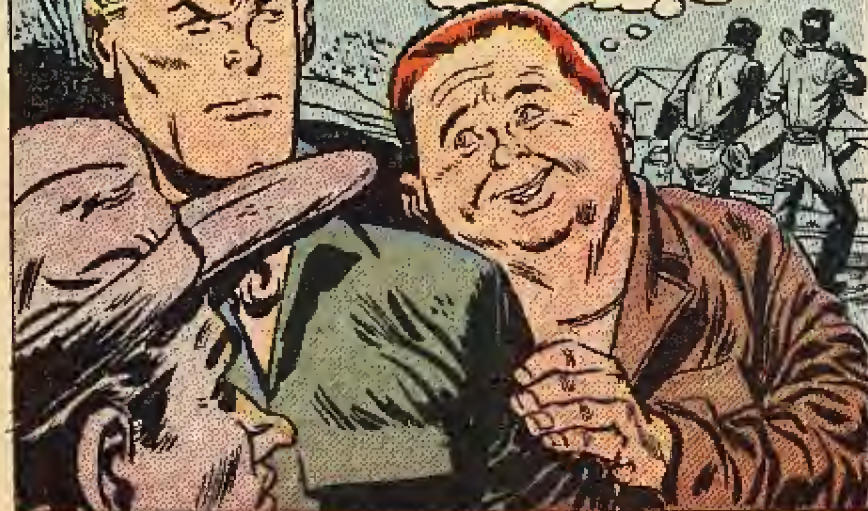
THERE'S HOOSIER! HE'S GOT **TWO** CHICKENS!



AIN'T YA GLAD WE DON'T HAVE TO GET ALL DRESSED UP FER TONIGHT? THAT'S TH' BEST PART OF HAVIN' **NO GUEST OF HONOR!**



YOU WOULDN'T WANNA MAYBE JUST SORTA DROP IN FOR A WHILE, JOE... LATER ON, WHEN THE PARTY GETS ROLLIN', I MEAN?



HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I GOTTA TELL YOU? **I DON'T LIKE BEIN' THANKED!** AN' I'M NOT ASKIN' YOU GUYS TO MISS ANYTHIN' ON ACCOUNT OF ME! NOW, **KNOCK IT OFF!**







YOU **MEAN** IT, JOE? **HONEST?** WE'RE GOIN' **IN?**

SURE THING, WEEPY...

ATTA BOY, JOE!



THIS IS GOIN' TO MEAN A LOT TO THE GUYS — YOU CHANGIN' YOUR MIND!

WHAT TH'...??



AW, WHAT'S TH' **USE?** IT AIN'T NO GO WITHOUT TH' GUY WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE **GIVIN'** THIS THING FOR!

SARGE -- **LOOK !!!**



WELL, WHADDA YA KNOW? IF WE'D KNOWN YOU WAS COMIN', BURCH — WE'D'VE BAKED A CAKE!

OKAY IF I JOIN YOU GUYS?



FALL TO IT, MEN! WE GOT US A GUEST OF HONOR AFTER ALL!

OH, NO!

HUH?? HEY! ASSEMBLY CALL! SOMETHIN'S UP!



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

DETAILS! DETAILS! AN' JUST WHEN I WAS JUST ABOUT TO TACKLE THAT CHICKEN! IT AIN'T FAIR, SARGE!

MAYBE NOT, WEEPY! WE SIGNED A TRUCE IN KOREA, BUT THAT ONLY STOPPED THE FIGHTIN', NOT TH' DITCH DIGGIN'. TH' K.P. AN' CLEAN-IN' UP AROUND HERE! SO GRAB YOUR MOP AN' FALL IN, BUDDY — WE'VE STILL GOT A JOB TO DO!

THE END

Tell Me What You Want Money For... I'LL HELP YOU GET ALL YOU NEED!

**EASY TO EARN \$50 TO \$150 AND
MORE IN JUST YOUR SPARE TIME!**

What do YOU want that money will buy? Whether it's new clothes, sporting equipment, household appliances, or anything else... just check the coupon. I'll show you how you can earn all the money you need, quickly and easily, taking orders for STUART Greeting Cards! And I'll send you everything you need to start earning right away.

YOU DON'T NEED EXPERIENCE!

It takes no special skill to sell a complete assortment of beautiful new Birthday and other Greeting Cards—a generous supply for year 'round use—for just \$1.00. This exciting bargain really *sells itself*. All you do is show it to friends and neighbors and you keep up to HALF the price as your cash profit! Say you want anything that costs \$50.00. Sell only 100 boxes and you've got the money! Folks will also want our exciting new Gift Items, Stationery, Gift Wrappings and the other fast-sellers in our big line. They help you earn still more easy money!

GET MONEY-MAKING KIT ON FREE TRIAL!

See for yourself how easy it is to get the money for anything you want. Check the coupon and mail it now. I'll send you a complete kit of samples including fast-selling assortments on FREE TRIAL and full facts on how to reach your goal fast. Don't delay. Act TODAY!



MR. B. J. STUART
President of Stuart Greetings,
Has Helped Thousands Make
Good Money!



SEE HOW WELL OTHERS HAVE DONE!



This is the easiest and most dignified way to earn money for Scout camp, Christmas presents and spending money in general. P.E., New York

I made \$21.75 in approximately 3 hours one afternoon. Everyone just loves these beautiful greeting cards and it's so easy to show and sell them.
C.R.P., North Carolina



STUART GREETINGS, INC.

325 W. Randolph St., Dept. 605, Chicago 6, Ill.

RUSH COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL KIT!

Mr. B. J. Stuart, STUART GREETINGS
325 W. Randolph St., Dept. 605, Chicago 6, Ill.

Dear Mr. Stuart: I've checked off what I want money for:

- ☐ Sporting Equipment
- ☐ New Clothes
- ☐ Team Uniforms
- ☐ Electric Toaster
- ☐ Portable Radio
- ☐ _____

Please rush full facts on how to make the money, and sample kit of assortments ON FREE TRIAL.

Name _____

Address _____

City & Zone _____ State _____

(If for a club, give its name below.)

PRIVATE HUMOR

